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TICONDEROGUE—FORT CARILLON.

[Paper on Ticonderoga read at the May (1896) meeting of the Katharine Gaylord Chapter, Bristol, Connecticut.]

THE forest primeval and a solitude grand, majestic, and unbroken, where happy, fearless birds had nested and sung, fragrant wild flowers blossomed and multiplied through the peaceful ages unheeded by ear and eye of the white man! The clear blue waters of a quiet lake shimmered and rippled under the rays of the morning sun shining down steadily and serenely, as it had ever done from "the beginning," upon this lonely "como of the wilderness," whose fateful history, full of the sanguinary annals of man's restless ambition, greed, and revenge, was yet to be unfolded.

Toward the north Lake George narrows itself to an unnavigable creek a few miles in length, and through it empties its waters into Lake Champlain below, on its long and devious journey to the distant sea.

To the banks of this outlet, within sight of the bold promontory destined to be the site of the famous Fort of Ticonderogue, there came one fair May morning in 1646 a weary, saddened man, the faithful Jesuit missionary—Father Jogues.

The half dozen friendly Iroquois who accompanied him could give him no name for what he then believed to be a body of water never before traversed by civilized man. No fairer spot in all the New World could he have found for his sorely needed resting place. The broad lake to the southward was surrounded by huge mountain crags, standing like sentinels, guarding the waters below, fed constantly by the brooks that flowed adown their rocky sides. As he gazed with a tender appreciative eye upon its calm and sweet beauty, into the mind of this true sol-

dier of the cross came the thought of the day and its significance. It was the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi. "It shall no longer be nameless, friends," he said; "Let us call it the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament." And for one hundred years it bore its beautiful name of "Lac du St. Sacrament," until a day when there came to its shores a soldier of another race and training, anxious only to secure honor and memory for an earthly king, George II. of England.

Many years later Father Jogues passed this way again, and possibly it is due to his poetic soul that the name of "Carillon" (chime of bells) was first given to the spot whereon the walls of the fort were planted long afterwards, for just here at the "pass of the waters" the bell-like music of its many waterfalls is charmingly in evidence to even the most prosaic ear.

Doubtless the existence of this lake and its environs was vaguely known to Europeans, or at least its outlet, called by the Indians "Ankia-to-roc-te" (place where the waters contract), through the writings of Champlain, for as early as 1609 he had sailed as far south as the "Pass of Ticonderogue," while exploring the lake which bears his name. But its blue waters still flowed silently and peacefully northward, the birds flew low over its ripples, and the fragrance of the woods floated unheeded through the balmy air, under a name that had fallen like a benediction from the lips of its sponsor, Father Jogues, and still, in an unbroken solitude, the waterfalls rang out their chime of bells at Carillon, unconscious of an hour when their sweet music should fall unheeded upon ears deafened to aught but the din and horror of a cruel war.

The French and English nations were not unmindful of the fact that these waters formed a highway, "A Gate of the Country" they passed through, that rendered their possession of immense importance from a strategical point of view. The French, however, were the first on the ground, and in 1731, while the nations were enjoying a short-lived peace, they advanced to Crown Point (twelve miles above) and erected a fort, giving it the name of "St. Frederick."

The English resented this movement on the part of their enemies, but bid their hour of reprisal. In 1755 "Post Carillon" (Ticonderogue) was also projected by the French, which

fact convinced the English that it was time to awaken from their patient attitude, and make a desperate effort to secure a foothold, that should give them a grasp on this important highway.

Considering the peculiar conditions of the country at that period in its history, conditions too familiar to be recapitulated here, the military command of these lakes would practically give to the victor in the inevitable struggle now imminent the full control of this debatable land; consequently the "Pass of Ticonderogue," like the "Pass of Thermopylæ," has been the scene of many of the fiercest struggles on this continent, and each nation has paid over and over again, for its control, a fearful price in blood and slaughter, the waste of brave young lives, and the desolated hearts of women.

The point selected for the site of the new French fortress, was considered then of wonderful fitness for its use. Protected on three sides by water, it also possessed many other natural advantages and points of defense. The fort and field works occupied several miles of territory, and when completed would be to all intents and purposes impregnable. All that the military skill of that day could devise was lavished upon this work by the French, who valued it next to Quebec and Louisbourg, in its strategical importance. It is claimed that immense sums of money have been expended on its repairs, at each turn of the wheel that brought about a change of ownership. It bore the musical name of "Carillon" as long as the French retained a hold upon it, but the harsh Indian name of to-day suited better the English tongue.

Its owners were not long allowed to rest undisturbed at this valuable point of defence and offence. In 1755, at the call of the mother country, New England men responded eagerly in the organizing of a campaign to dislodge these "foreigners" from their strongholds. Connecticut quickly raised one thousand men, and among them were many who in these fierce struggles long continued, learned valuable lessons that stood them in good stead, when later they had need to wrest from England the very prizes they were now helping her to secure.

In this first march toward Ticonderogue, though hampered all through by the apparent incompetency of the English com-

mander of the Connecticut troops under General Lyman, it was said, "in one desperate battle, they kept up the most violent fire yet known in America." Though the results of this expedition under General Johnson fell sadly short of the bright hopes of its planning, the Connecticut men were ready to move again upon Ticonderogue, when called to follow Abercrombie. This campaign opened with even more brilliant promise in the strength and numbers of the force collected, but again the weakness and indecision of the English officers resulted in a season of masterly inactivity.

The Connecticut Regulars, believing in themselves and their tried and trusty leaders, were sure that the colonial general, Winslow, with his New England troops alone could have taken the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderogue. But the winter of 1756 passed drearily away; the spring opened, and still the hated tri-colors of France waved defiantly over the "Post of Carillon."

The year 1757 bears a sad record for the Rangers of New England still in the field—a record of fruitless marches through pathless forests, of perilous ambush and Indian atrocities, scanty fare and utter lack of adequate protection against cold and storm. Stark and Putnam were among the many brave spirits who eagerly devised and offered wise plans of attack upon the desired points, but the chief commander waited in supine indifference while discontent among the men and the strong indignation voiced at home went on unheeded.

Several scouting expeditions, under the officers of the Rangers, toward Ticonderogue, brought always a verdict in favor of an immediate attack; but useless seemed their daring risks, captures and sufferings as another winter added its record to the sad history of delay.

Again is noted the failure of Abercrombie in 1758, who struggled up to the very gates of Carillon and then fell back spite of the efforts of his brave and willing men. Although it seemed impossible to raise the number of men called for by Mr. Pitt in the following year, yet it was accomplished, as when did Connecticut ever fail to live and act up to her high ideal of duty and patriotism?

This requisition upon their sadly depleted resources, both in

men and money, laid upon the people a crushing load of debt nobly borne and provided for by a wise home government.

Sadly and painfully familiar now to the Connecticut soldier was this next march toward Ticonderogue over ground that held the memories of dead comrades and horrible Indian massacres.

Happily this effort was brief and decisive and Montcalm evacuated the post after a slight show of resistance, perhaps realizing that the coming of these desperate men of long deferred hopes, under such a leader as Amherst, meant that the hour had struck. There were other and imperative reasons for so speedy a change of flags, when at last the Royal standard of England was unfurled to the breeze over this dearly won prize. England had furnished a severe school of military experience to her colonists during the eight years of struggle now ended, little reckoning of the coming of a day when she should learn that, having sown the wind, she must now reap the whirlwind. Doubtless from the first premonition of the inevitable struggle with England the memory of these well won defensive points on the lakes was stirred into activity, and plans for wresting these advantages from the mother country held silently in the minds of the coming leaders. The firing of "the shot that was heard around the world" nowhere fell upon more attentive ears than could be found in Connecticut—"Ticonderogue" became the first battle cry.

It was known to be in a dilapidated condition, in charge of a small garrison. There was need it should be quickly secured, if at all, before a realization of the approaching disturbance should reach its Commandant De-la-place.

An adjourned session of the General Assembly was being held in New Haven, and some of its members, notably Samuel Parsons, Samuel Wyllys, Jesse Root, and Silas Deane, planned this famous expedition on their own responsibility, borrowing the money from the colonial treasury, and giving their own individual receipts.

Sixteen men were collected and quickly moved towards Berkshire County, Massachusetts, rousing the citizens along the way, and securing forty or fifty more volunteers; thence over the hot, dusty highways to Bennington, Vermont, where they

were eagerly welcomed by Ethan Allen and Seth Warner and one hundred men added to the force. At Castleton a brief halt was made to effect a proper military organization. Ethan Allen was chosen commander, James Easton second, and Seth Warner third in command. Then began the hurried march forward to the nearest point on Lake Champlain, that would bring them opposite Ticonderogue.

Meanwhile at Cambridge, Massachusetts, similar plans were maturing in the astute brain of Benedict Arnold; he had secured a colonel's commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, with permission to raise four hundred troops in the Berkshire Hills, capture the fort and remove the bulk of their much-needed stores and munition to Cambridge.

A most disagreeable surprise awaited Arnold, when at Castleton, Vermont, on May 9, he encountered Ethan Allen and his band of "Green Mountain Boys." His colonel's commission from the Massachusetts authorities met with no recognition in the commanding presence of their dearly appreciated leader, the trusted Allen, under whom they had enlisted; they would recognize no other authority but his and Connecticut's. There was but one course for Arnold to pursue, and he quietly joined as a volunteer with the men he had expected to command. All the arrangements possible, under the circumstances, were now perfected. The sturdy mountaineers, in the rough dress of woodmen or rangers, were armed with the firelock and hatchet, a powder horn under the right arm, and a leather bag of bullets at the waist. They were resolute and calm, full of the great importance of their daring mission, and prepared to strike the first serious blow for the possessions of the mother country in the Colonies.

Captain Noah Phelps, of Simsbury, Connecticut, had previously been entrusted with the hazardous duty of investigating the real strength and condition of the garrison at the post. So well did he execute this task that he succeeded without arousing any suspicion on the part of the commandant in getting within the gates and inveigling Captain De-la-place into very confidential disclosures, as to the state of the defenses and the great lack of dry ammunition.

He managed to get away safely and join Allen with his wel-

come information, leaving the officers of the post in blissful ignorance of their misplaced confidence.

The eve of the 10th of May was passed in hurriedly transporting across the lake the officers and eighty-three men only, owing to the scarcity of boats. An hour before daybreak, Allen realizing the great necessity of a surprise before the garrison awoke, resolved to move without awaiting the coming of Colonel Warner, who had been left on the Vermont side of the lake superintending the embarkation of the troops.

Allen drew up his little force near to the gateway of the fort. It was a moment of the most solemn import to those men assembled there in silence and secrecy, under the paling light of the morning stars. If successful in this adventure they would be offered the crown of victors. If the God of Hosts ordained it otherwise, then welcome death and a grave in which to hide their grief and disappointment.

In moments of intense emotion men's words are stern and few. Said the leader, as he poised his firelock, "Men, you know what this means; a few moments more decides the question of our claims to courage; each man must follow me through yonder wicket-gate *voluntarily*, if at all; only the bravest are asked now to poise their firelocks."

Glad are their descendants to remember to-day that every soldier there instantly brought his gun to position.

Then followed a breathless rush—a cry from a startled sentinel, and within a moment Allen had his men drawn up in ranks on the parade ground facing the barracks of the awakened soldiers.

Life is full of surprises it is said, but Captain De-la-place on this bright May morning certainly faced the supreme one of his worldly career when he opened his eyes upon the stalwart form of Ethan Allen and the ominous word "Surrender!" rang in his astounded ears. In answer to his trembling query as to the authority for this audacious demand, he was met by the reply, "In the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" As the Continental Congress was yet unborn (by several hours) and probably unheralded to those English ears—this demand in its name, must have been peculiarly bewildering.

It was, happily, a bloodless victory; the first and last ever

won at the famous "Post of Carillon." Its importance and the never-to-be-forgotten honor it conferred upon Connecticut heroes can not be overestimated.

This colony nobly assumed the burden of its support by furnishing one thousand men to garrison the forts of Ticonderogue and Crown Point; the latter being taken a few days later by Benedict Arnold.

Out of the public treasury were paid all the expenses of the expedition and the care and clothing of the garrison. All the way along in the records of its war expenses it would seem never to have ignored any claim made upon it in behalf of those who were in any way connected with its fortunes. Always an objective point in all the raids made by the different contestants for the control of the lakes—its changes and vicissitudes would fill many pages of history.

Its fame and value were highly appreciated in England, and when captured by Burgoyne on July 5, 1777, its fall was greeted there with great rejoicing. The King is said to have shouted, "I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!"

Its loss at this time was peculiarly aggravating, as it was the result of an obstinate refusal to listen to the suggestions of Colonel Trumbull, of Connecticut, who vainly implored General Gates to occupy Mount Defiance, a small hill on the opposite side of the outlet, which would completely command the fort, if used by an enemy.

When Burgoyne took advantage of this very obvious point of attack the wisdom of Trumbull's advice was realized too late; there came an added sting to this needless blow in the shape of a contemptuous remark of Burgoyne's to the effect that "this neglect on the part of the Americans was a convincing proof that they had no men of the least military science!"

With the War of the Revolution happily ended the utility and necessity of the lake forts and their garrisons. Ticonderogue was dismantled and suffered to fall into its present condition of picturesque solitude and decay.

To the thoughtful minds of its many pilgrims to-day there is ample food for reflection in the memories of its well sustained sieges, assaults, and repulses—victories that were as sad as defeats, and its fate, as the golden prize to be tossed back and

forth, back and forth between the fierce contestants for its possession.

The graves of Ticonderogue might be as thick "as leaves in Vallambrosa," could its nameless victims be counted, for to the natural course of events in the battles waged there is to be added the unspeakable atrocities that came in the train of the cruel Indian allies.

In the prime of its strength and usefulness the walls of this huge fortress impressed its beholders with a satisfied sense of solidity and perfection of detail, but its ruins are more eloquent than its whilom perfection; for they speak now of peace and good will to all men, of the moral advancement that has brought security, contentment, and the prosperity that can exist without a "Crown Point" or a "Ticonderogue."

Still flow on to Lake Champlain and the sea the dark blue waters of "Lac du St. Sacrament;" still sing the happy birds in the forests that are no longer a trackless solitude; and the tinkling "Bells of Carillon" at the "Pass of Ticonderogue" still sing the old, old song,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

MARIE A. DAYNE.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID FOR THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

'Tis night, and after the toilsome day
She dreams in peace, with her worries fled
Of her sailor husband so far away
And the two dear boys in the room o'erhead.
There's a clatter of hoof and a cry without,
And she starts and wakens in vague alarm,
Confused and wondering, hears the shout,
"The British are coming! To arms! to arms!"
She springs to a window and gazing sees
A horseman speeding, and, lo! a light
Flashes forth between the trees
From the farm beyond. And she shakes with fright.
For the understanding of what has passed
Dawns on her mind with oppression slow,
Till she cries with a sudden pang at last,

" My boys! my boys! O, they must not go!
 Why they are but children and they will fear!"
 As if in answer there comes the call,
 " O, mother! the fowling piece is here,
 But the shot, the shot, it is all too small!"
 She is brave in an instant, " The spoons, my boy,
 We will cut them up to the proper size."
 As she speaks in rushes her pride and joy,
 Her youngest darling, with tear brimmed eyes.
 And she thinks, " At least I can keep this one,
 For the child is afraid." But his words outbreak,
 " O, John has taken the only gun,
 And what is there left for me to take?"
 Then arises her soul to the sacrifice,
 And she kisses the boy and without a word
 She takes from the chimney and on him ties
 His Puritan grandsire's rusty sword.
 So she sends them forth and through all the day
 As she hears the booming of distant guns,
 She stands at her window to watch and pray—
 " God save my country and save my sons!"
 * * * * *
 And ever, in seasons of fear and ill,
 When cheeks grow pale and when brave hearts quake,
 May the daughters of freedom be ready still
 To give their best for their country's sake!

SARA KING WILEY.

A QUAIN OLD BOOK.

BEFORE me lies a large old volume, and as I turn its yellow and time-stained pages, the thought occurs that a brief description of some of its contents may be of interest to the readers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Its title page reads thus:

The Weekly Magazine
 or
 Edinburg Amusement,
 Containing
 The Essence of All the Magazines, Reviews, &c.
 With a Variety of Original Pieces by Men of Literature, both in Prose
 and Verse.
 Also extracts from New Publications of Merit, on whatever Subject of
 Science.

Being an Entertaining Record of the Transactions and Writings of the
Times.
Volume XXX.

Floriferis est apes in faltibus omnia libant.
Omnia Nos.

Edinburg.
Printed by Wal. and Tho. Ruddimans.
Foresters Wynd, Lawn-market.

MDCCLXXV.

The "Edinburg Amusement" was a weekly magazine, somewhat on the order of "The Spectator" or "The Tatler," but larger in size and with a wider range. It embraced literature, prose, poetry and fiction, politics and history, and gave a good deal of the gossip of the court, the army, and navy.

The book before me is a bound volume containing the numbers of the "Amusement" from Thursday, September 28, 1775, to and including Thursday, December 21, 1775. A list of the contents would take too much space so only a partial one is given, from which may be seen the scope and character of this valuable old volume.

"Index to the Essays, Poetry, Reviews, History, &c.
Digested in an alphabetical order.

N. B.—R. at the end of an article indicates Review.

Address—Of the Devonshire militia to his Majesty, R.; of the burgh of Montrose; of the town of Leith; of the burgh of Irvine, R.; of the delegates of Georgia, R.; of the burgh of Dundee; of the city of Aberdeen, R.; of the House of Lords to his Majesty; his Majesty's answer; of the House of Commons; his Majesty's answer; of the burgh of Air; of the county of Air; of the inhabitants of Boston to General Gage, R.; his excellency's answer.

Aletheophilos—On sophistry; on the question, whether Britain has a right to tax her Colonies; Tom Tell-truth's answer to; replied to by a North Briton; his arguments refuted by Sam Seek-truth.

Algiers—Anecdote of Dey of.

America—Queries of a True Briton relative to our disputes with; a Barber's difficulties thereanent; Moderatus on taxing it; letters on its convulsed state; plan for suppressing the rebellion there; account of a commission sent there by Charles II.

Americans—philosophical inquiries concerning them; on their terms of submission to Britain; Juvenis on their unreasonable demands.

Bacon, Sir F., his literary character.

Clericus—against subscriptions to articles of faith; answered by Senex; answered by Laicus.

Debate—on the New Election Bill by the freeholders of Mid Lothian; absurdities in it pointed out; l'Encyclopedie, extract from.

English language—on the disuse of the letter k in it; on the neglect of its study by the Scots; on the wretched mode of teaching it in Scotland.

Englishmen, their passion for the title of esquire.

Fair American, the, a true story.

Funerals, their expensiveness.

Grafton, duke of, Alcides letter to.

Granby, Marquis, memoirs of.

Greenland, a kalender of thoughts on.

Henry IV., of France, his remarkable letter to Duc de Sully.

Indian War, and its consequences.

Johnson, Dr. S., see Scoto Britannus.

King and Parliament, remarks on their supremacy, R.

List of the British regiments in America, with their stations.

Letters, three notable ones captured by a king's ship, at Rhode Island.

Lotteries, on the present rage for.

Maidservants, of Edinburg, their immorality.

Militia, a proposal for one in Scotland.

Momus, the humours of a wet Sunday.

Moralist, on swearing.

Nash, Richard, anecdote of.

Philadelphia, Burnaby's description of.

Projector, his new plan for transporting troops to America.

Tucker, Rev. Dr., his scheme of separation with the colonies.

Washington, Gen.—anecdotes of; genuine copy of letter to him from Mr. Benjamin Harrison.

Watering place, pleasures of.

Welch school-master, curious letter from a.

Woolen manufactures—queries on, by a peer of the realm; on its increase at Dumfries.

This list is taken almost at random from the index to reviews, essays, etc. Under the heading History appears the following:

"America—Resolutions of the Continental Congress upon a motion passed in the H. of C. "to give up the right of taxation upon the colonies contributing their proportion to the common defence."

Genuine copies of three intercepted letters from Messrs. Harrison and Adams, from the Massachusetts Gazette, Aug. 17, 1775. Letters from Gen. Gage to Lord Dartmouth, including one from Washington to the general, with his excellency's answer. Washington's reply. Genuine letters of Washington's aid-de-camp and secretary, giving an account of the state

of the two armies. Address of the Mayor of New York to Gov. Tryon. The governor's answer. The King's troops in a bad state. The French at Martinico apprehensive of a rupture with G. Britain. False report of a resolve of the congress to be independent of the mother country. Skirmish off Long Island between some whale boats and several of the King's cutters. Shameful indolence of the English admiralty. The Americans excited by truly ridiculous reports from England. Instances of American cruelty. Situations of the two armies at Boston.

Conditions to be given to volunteers in the Royal Highland Emigrants. The Indians of the Six Nations to act against the Bostonians. Skirmishes between the King's troops and rebels. Putnam to Maj. Moncrieff. The people of Quebec alarmed at Gen. Schuyler's entry into Canada.

Some transports with troops sail from Boston to Rhode Island. Lord Dunmore seizes two vessels at Norfolk. The *Rose* man-of-war fires upon the town of Storeington.

Ethan Allen taken prisoner. An informer hanged by the rebels. Lord Dunmore seizes some printing materials at Norfolk. The men-of-war stationed at New York take four vessels laden with salt. Gen. Washington's address to the people of Canada. The rebels take possession of some forts in Canada, but are repulsed with great loss at Montreal. The members of the congress disagree about their plan of operations. Letter from Dr. Franklin to his friend in London. The non-subscribers to the N. Carolina association to be disarmed. A judge tarred and feathered. The rebels take 13 waggons of provisions going to St. John's. Two reduced regiments at Boston incorporated into others and the officers sent home, etc., etc.

Denmark—His majesty prohibits the exportation of military stores to America, etc.

France—The pay of French soldiers to be augmented. The Princess of Piedmont married at Chamberry. Assembly of the clergy at Paris relative to the marriage of Protestants. The impost on wine to be lowered, etc.

Germany—Col. Scheiter offers to raise a regiment for the British service. Ordinance against alchymists. The electoral troops embark for England. Malefactors deprived of the right of asylum in churches. A hospital to be erected for women who have been debauched.

Holland—A scheme formed to dispossess the Dutch of the Island of Ceylon in the E. Indies. Account of damage by a terrible storm throughout the province.

In addition there is an index to the notices of marriages, births, deaths, and promotions. I give a few of these taken at random :

Marriages—At Harewood, Yorkshire, Sir Richard Worsley, Bart., of Pilewell, in Hampshire, to Miss Seymour Fleming, youngest daughter of

the late Sir William Fleming, Bart., of Rydal, in Westmoreland, with a fortune of 100,000 l.

At Edinburg, Sir Alexander Douglas, Bart., physician in Dundee, to Miss Barbara Carnegy, daughter of the deceased Jas. Carnegy, of Finhaven, Esq.

Aug. 28.—At Fairfield, in America. the hon. John Hancock, Esq., president of the continental congress, to Miss Dorethy Quincy, daughter of Edward Quincy, Esq., of Boston.

At London—Spence, Esq., surgeon-dentist to the duke of Gloucester, to Miss Rock, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Rock, late of Ludgatehill.

Deaths—At Paris, in her 90th year, Lady Mary Herbert, only surviving daughter of the late duke of Powis.

In Bengal, Soujah Dowlah, Nabob of Arcot; his death was occasioned by his irregular manner of life and his aversion to any regular method of cure. He is succeeded in the Misund by Mirzamance, his only legitimate son.

Sept. 26—At Spittlefield, near Edinburg, James Irvine, of Spittlefield, Esq.

Sept. 4th—At Brunswick, in America, the hon. James Habersham, president of his majesty's council in Georgia.

Oct. 12th—At Drummelie, Linlithgowshire, William Addie, of Drummelie, who by the utmost care and frugality has left a fortune of 12,000 l and upwards to be distributed among a number of poor relations.

—At ———, in the 90th year of her age, Catharine Fitzmaurice, whose father was once justice of the peace, knight-marshal and high sheriff of the county of Kerry. She was reduced to so low an ebb of indigence as to die in a waste chimney.

Aug. 20th—At Philadelphia, Mr. John Inglis, merchant there, much regretted.

Oct. 10th—At Paris, in the 69th year of his age, Louis Nicolas Victor de Felix, Comte de Muy, marshal of France, governor of Villefranche, minister and secretary of State in the department of war.

Oct. 31—At Campbellton, John Armour, aged 108.

Oct. 24—At Philadelphia, in the 53rd year of his age, the hon. Peyton Randolph, Esq., of Virginia, late president of the continental congress and speaker of the house of burgesses of Virginia.

Oct. 9th—At London, aged 109, William Combes, who was a soldier in all king William's and queen Anne's wars.

—At Lilly, in Hertfordshire, aged 105, Sir George Hawkinson, knight, physician to his majesty George I.

—At Haltwhistle, in Northumberland, aged 103, Dr. Alexander Maxwell.

Nov. 16—At Edinburg, Mr. Andrew Sinclair, merchant.

Oct. 17th—At Wellwynn in Hertz, the lady of Frederick Young, Esq., son and heir of the ingenious and learned Dr. Edward Young, author of the Night Thoughts, &c.

I could continue these notices indefinitely but forbear, with only one more.

Sept. 28—At Glasgow, in the 79th year of his age and 50th of his ministry, the rev. Mr. Jas. Fisher. He was the last.

The editorial pages of the "Amusement" for Thursday, September 28, 1775, begins thus:

"In the beginning of August a king's ship at Rhode Island intercepted a large packet of letters designed for the rebel army. The three following letters were printed by order of the Admiral. The first addressed to gen. Washington is exceedingly curious. We are informed by it that the rebels are but indifferent soldiers, that they are very deficient in stores, and in particular that they have not one engineer."

Then followed some paragraphs of editorial censure and ridicule of "the moral and virtuous Mr. Harrison," whose letter is dated Philadelphia, July 21, 1775.

"The second letter is from Mr. John Adams, a delegate from 'Massachusetts.' He, good soul, makes his wife his confidant and speaks with great vexation of mind of the figets, whims, vanity, superstition and irritability of his brethren, the wise men of America, in congress assembled."

The third letter is from the same hand to Colonel Warren, president of the Massachusetts Congress. In the beginning he severely but justly remarks on the weakness of Hancock, the president of the wise men, and honestly confessed that all of them are so confounded with the business in which they have involved themselves that they hardly know what they are doing or what to do. It is doubtless a puzzling affair to establish a treasury without any money. As he began with criticism he finishes in the same strain. Warren had written to him the oddities of General Lee; to which the Braintree lawyer replies, that the old General is a queer creature and advised his friend to love the General's dogs.

The closing paragraph of John Adams's letter, to which this ill-natured reference is made, is as follows:

"You observe in your letter the oddity of a great man. He is a queer creature, but you must love his dogs if you love him, and forgive a thousand whims for the sake of the soldier and the scholar."

The editor adds: "N. B.—This letter was anonymous, but wrote in the same hand with that addressed to Abigail Adams."

* * * * *

I should like to give more extracts from this old book, for I have drawn only from the first few numbers. I should like very much to give your readers some of the poetry contained therein, it is so quaint and old-fashioned, and some time, if this meets with favor, I may continue the subject.

K. S. G. PAUL.

“ WE THE PEOPLE.”

OCTOBER'S sky was cloudless, clear, and bright,
When in the silence of an autumn night,
Was heard the cry of faithful sentinel,
“Cornwallis has surrendered! All is well!”
Through Philadelphia's streets the home-lights glowed,
Ecstatic voices shouted, eyes o'erflowed,
Hearts thrilled with joy, for cruel war must cease,
And soon would dawn the longed-for day of peace.
Throughout the land, the blessed news proclaimed,
Blithe joy-bells pealed and tow'ring bonfires flamed,
While o'er the sea a Parliament and King
Heard, with dismay, the cries of “Victory!” ring.
There were fond smiles for the returning braves,
Tears for the heroes sleeping in far graves,
And memories, of all the weary years,
The dreadful struggles, mingled hopes and fears.
Then, long-delayed, was blissful peace declared,
Treaties were signed, and federation shared;
And yet, dire clouds seemed gathering each day,
With fair Prosperity, still far away
An “*ignis fatuus*,” now dim, now bright,
Flashing, or lost in deepening shades of night.
Burdened with debt, the tottering Nation groaned,
And all its vanished promises bemoaned;
With ruined credit, commerce quite destroyed,
A bankrupt treasury, its service void,
Resisting States, “like specters, ruled the hour,”
Defying Congress and its futile power.
By jealousies disturbed, by factions rent,
Ever increased the general discontent.
From western fields, across the wheatlands wide,
Swept angry waves to swell the rising tide,
And insurrection near, and mobs afar,
Threatened the life of young America;
Then from Mount Vernon like a clarion clear,
Were breathed the tones to loyal souls so dear:

"Assemble patriots ! in council wise,
 Some plan of union we must now devise ;
 Our federation is without a head,
 Congress, a head without a body, dead !
 Chaos impends, and sure destruction waits
 To end the conflicts of these warring States !"
 The message thrilled as if t'were a command,
 Obedient were the wisest of the land,
 And in that city built by faith to be
 The home of peace and true fraternity ;
 Statesmen and heroes gathered, brave and true,
 God's chosen servants then to dare and do ;
 We find no record in the book of time,
 Truly more great, momentous or sublime !
 'Twas "we the people" then whose prescient power
 Saved the Republic in her darkest hour !
 True to our compact now, the people may
 Dwell in the sunshine of a glorious day ;
 In union strong no dangers can appal
 This Nation free, for God is over all.

CLARA H. BURLEIGH.

IN ANCIENT ESOPUS—KINGSTON'S BRAVE WOMEN OF OCTOBER 16, 1777.

THEIR DEEDS OF VALOR AND SELF-SACRIFICE RECOUNTED BY
A DESCENDANT—THE STORY OF THE BRITISH OUTRAGES RE-
TOLD—A LOOK INTO KINGSTON'S PAST.

[To the Daughters of the American Revolution this story is lovingly
inscribed by one of their number.]

My Country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee, I sing.

AMERICA ! How the hearts of her loyal children respond to
 that word ! How they throb and glow with national love and
 pride ! Most tender memories quicken the entire being, inspir-
 ing with emotion even the coldest bosoms. Eyes soften and
 melt into tears, as one after another of the sore and bitter trials
 of other days rises vividly before the mind. Tender and sacred
 recollections flow in upon the brain, sometimes their waves of
 sorrow beating wildly upon the shores of the eventful past,

now looming so distinctly. Anon, the "Angel of Peace" is hovering over the troubled waters, transforming angry seas into havens of rest, imparting the blessed calm, the sweet joy to the soul in close sympathy with all that concerns its mother land. From the cedarn woods of Maine to the gold-washed shores of the Pacific, from the North's bleakest coasts to sunny climes of the beauteous South, dauntless acts of valor, noble sacrifices of glorious lives, delicate kindnesses to war-worn sufferers, freely, touchingly rendered, flock as birds to the window of the heart opened to these angel visitants whispering of the struggling birth-throes through which a free Nation was ushered into life. Great as our country has become its beginnings were small, and for those who laid its foundation in tears and blood, and personal sacrifice, varied and long continuing, "it is very meet and right, and our bounden duty" ever more to show our gratitude and love as the centuries roll on. 'Tis of these hallowed memories, filling the heart's altar-niche with their fragrant incense, I write to-day, even of the heroic deeds performed by some of the daughters of our beloved land one hundred years ago.

Pardon the above long moralizing prelude, dear reader—it has seemed to say itself—and come with me for a while to the colonial hamlet of Kingston. Kingston, the beautiful village of the plain, with the grand old Catskills standing as staunch sentinels ever on guard, over the quiet rural settlement nestling beneath their lofty peaks. The Catskills, with all their giant mountain fastnesses fixed there, it might seem, as places of refuge when the time of sore need should come for the families of the stalwart burghers toiling so manfully at their feet. These "Everlasting Hills" of God stand where the Divine fiat planted them, with their wealth of verdant and picturesque foliage, with their profusion, too, of animal life singing among the branches of sturdy oak and elm, cedar and pine, gamboling from tree to tree or sheltered in the rock-bound dens and caves of which the hunters tell marvelous tales. The Catskills, with their loud-sounding cataracts dashing madly down the mountain side proclaiming the sublime majesty of the Eternal Father, the dancing, singing rivulet, the silver-voiced murmuring brook ever whispering to the listening ear of the Almighty One, whose

name is Love. As the mountains stood round about Jerusalem as a beauty and defense even so the lordly Catskills shed down their cheering influence upon the hopeful dwellers in the plains below.

It is the 16th of October, 1777. The day is one of unusual beauty, one of the halcyon Indian summer days, in which our climate so greatly rejoices in the early fall. The good old Dutch farmer has partaken of his midday repast skilfully prepared by the capable frau of the olden time, assisted by the faithful slave whose servitude knows nothing of oppression—I say the old farmer, as the younger, able-bodied men are away fighting their country's battles. Most of these elderly, infirm protectors are taking their afternoon siestas with the soothing accompaniments of pipe, tobacco, and occasional sleep on the rustic porches of their substantial stone-built dwellings. The housewives have finished their labors of cooking and clearing away the remains of the noon-day meal, and many a comely form in "short gown and petticoat," with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, displaying a well rounded arm, is leaning over the lower half of the old-fashioned door talking vivaciously to their half dozing "lords and masters," and apparently careless about receiving attention or response. The churn-dogs are resting likewise from tasks or duties loyally performed, while the house cat of many a home and her litter of frolicsome kittens scamper provokingly over the sleepers, biped and quadruped alike. Truly, the "Dove of Peace" might seem to be brooding here almost visibly.

The young maidens are in their unpretending "boudoirs"—beautifying themselves—with a woman's love of coquetry for the four o'clock tea, when the village swain, finding short respite from military exactions in a few hours' furlough, may perchance "drop in" to partake with them a cup of good "Old Hyson," ever given with most generous hospitality. And what a picture is the genuine Esopus maid of one hundred years ago! Blooming with health, made strong by exercise, the soul speaking from the eyes—in truth, with simplicity of demeanor, uncontaminated by the world—almost Puritanical in all religious observances—in fact, a perfect Priscilla, with many a John Alden at her feet, pleading his cause with fervor or

speaking in her ear those dulcet words, which are supposed to be anything but distasteful to the coy listener.

Such was goodly Kingston on the peaceful day before the ever memorable one, on which the invader's ruthless hand was laid upon the scene, converting order into confusion, prosperity into desolation, and beauty into ashes.

But hark ! what sounds are these falling so appallingly on the ear—blanching the cheek of matron and maiden—making even the dark-skinned visage of the slave somewhat paler, and arousing as by a thunderbolt the veterans who lay dozing in unsuspecting security ?

"The British are coming ! The British are coming !" It was the alarm cry, piercing as a tocsin, which rolled from house to house, from farm to farm, as voice after voice caught up the knell-like refrain, ringing it out until every inhabitant felt the heart grow chill at the thrilling cry. The sleeping husbands and fathers, now thoroughly awakened, were fairly dazed and stunned at the dire alarm. But, in this dread emergency, the *women* were inspired with the most indomitable courage and energy. Quickly they formed their plans, intuitively seeing the best way to remove the cherished inmates of their homes to places of safety. A woman's love, flashing its telegram to the "Helper of the helpless" for guidance, rarely fails to receive its answer, and hence the old adage: "A woman jumps to the right conclusion, while a man is still reasoning it out." And it is the wisest of the sterner sex who soonest recognize this truth, and give due credit to the clearer vision of their wives and mothers. Thus the "wise men" of Kingston, in their dire extremity, yielded to the unerring judgment of their "better halves," thereby showing themselves worthy of the devoted women to whom they were allied.

It was impossible for these beleaguered defenders to make any resistance—as they were entirely unarmed—so all they could do was to try to transport their beloved ones to some adjacent place of refuge, until the calamity be overpast—leaving behind them the greater part of their household goods—in fact most of their earthly store.

The horses were speedily called in requisition, and where the supply of wagons failed, the generous quadrupeds almost as

sagacious as their masters, patiently stood, until women and children, old men and sick slaves, and many an article of vertu were packed, tied with ropes, all over the beast's back and sides, round and round, so transforming the good equine that he resembled a modern May-day cart, with only the head of a horse to draw the load. How Providence, to the heart that trusts him, furnishes the way of escape out of the worst complications !

But it is of the good women of Esopus, for this is the name which the whole district bore, that I wish particularly now to speak. Of the noble women, who so bravely led their families through the furnace seven times heated, many of them in the first dawn of womanhood, and who so suddenly assumed such serious responsibilities, no praises are too exalted. Tenderly caring for the aged and sick, the slaves, as well as their immediate near and dear ones, relying with a confidence that never flagged upon the heavenly supporter for guidance and protection, they pressed forward unflinchingly in the path which their clear forecast opened before them. With hearts rent with sorrow indeed for the old ancestral homes they might nevermore see, yet permitting not any thought of self for one moment to impede their generous plans for those they would shield from harm, the most fragile of these heroines instantly became strong in the might of her love. In fact, all were imbued with a resolution and a courage at that terrible crisis, that promised success over all obstacles.

The frightened slaves were tremulously shouting in Dutch :

“Loop, jongens, loop de Booje
Komme, Span de wagen
Voor de paerde, en vy na.
Hurley toe.”

Which being translated into English means :

“Run, boys, run, the red-coats are coming !
Harness the horses before the wagons, and to
Hurley ride.”

Two of the partially disabled male inhabitants were at work in a field on the outskirts of the hamlet, and did not know that the British were approaching until they were confronted

face to face, when one of the Dutch burghers cried out: "Me haave oop," and the other "Ik oke." This mongrel Dutch, in common American parlance, would be, "I surrender my chattels." "I also." Thus in their fright confessing themselves the loyal subjects of the King of England. These dastards were ever branded by the true children of the struggling Republic in this defenseless town as the most contemptible of Tories. Even the wives and sisters of these time-serving recreants, who heard and witnessed their disloyal utterances, gave them a "good piece of their minds" right there and then, much to the amusement of the red-coat soldiery, who approved in the heartiest manner of the castigation thus vigorously administered, and added their own contemptuous censures to the women's bitter rebukes, in words and expressions that were not laid down in the good old Esopus vocabulary.

These British marauders came up the Hudson river the 15th of October, and anchored for the night near Esopus Island, a little below the entrance of the Roundout Creek. In the morning about nine o'clock they entered the creek, and disembarked at once, burning the only buildings at the landing—then called "the Strand"—three in number. Marching on to the village of Kingston, two miles back from the river, without resistance, they began at once to fire all the houses, hastening as much as possible, as they knew that Governor Clinton with his army could not be very far off. I have omitted to say that half way between the village and the landing, where the city hall now stands, a small party of militia consisting of the old and partially disabled men, one hundred in number, was stationed in the woods. This not very formidable army could nevertheless have annoyed the approaching enemy and thereby have detained them long enough to have saved the village had they been allowed to do so by the officer in command. They begged to be permitted to use their guns in picking off the leaders of this band of destroyers, but were prevented by this weak, irresolute man, whose courage oozed away at the first glimpse of the glistening arms and scarlet uniforms of the British soldiers. The brave women of Kingston had relied upon the invaders being detained at that "military station" long enough to give them sufficient time to be out of sight at least of their wicked

devastation. In this, as in so many other things, they were cruelly disappointed. John Vaughan, general in charge of this predatory horde, had unobstructed access to the beautiful hamlet, reducing it in a very short time to one vast heap of ashes. He gave as his excuse for this act of barbarism, in an official letter to the British authorities, that the rebels had the cannon all drawn up at the water's edge to prevent the landing of his troops, and also that the inhabitants of Kingston had shot at the British soldiers from their houses. Not one gun was fired, either at the point of disembarkation or *en route* of the Britons' march, so that this savage outrage was entirely without justification. General Vaughan was driven to deliberate falsehood to try to cover the infamy of his act.

More than three hundred homes, presided over by some of America's most noble women, were entirely destroyed, with all their household comforts, and the barns attached, filled with the gathered harvests of the year. Twelve thousand barrels of flour were included in this wholesale devastation, and the inhabitants were left utterly destitute. Even the old Dutch church, the one hallowed home of the village, in which each inhabitant had a common cherished interest and which had stood the ravages of Time for ninety-eight years, was not exempt from the sacrilegious touch of these wanton hirelings of King George. The whole interior was consumed, but One who watcheth on high spared the dear old walls which were associated with so many precious memories of bridal and burial, and which were hung with ancestral drapery of many generations, even the white robes of the saints, whose bodies peacefully rested in the "God's Acre" on which their foundations stood. The "Angel of the Lord" encamped round about this consecrated spot.

The pastor of this venerable church, Rev. I. S. Doll, or Dominie Doll as he was called by the members of his flock, was one of the staunchest of patriots, as well as the most devoted of pastors. During the long struggle for freedom from the unbearable oppression of the mother country, this loyal captain of the Divine Commander ever incited the soldiers of his flock to do and suffer all for their country's weal. Constantly he urged them by letter, when absent, as well as by his

pulpit ministrations when they chanced to be at home, ever to remain steadfast to the cause of their native land, putting their trust in the Lord of Hosts. Of the wives, mothers and sisters of these military absentees, he was always the friend and comforter, encouraging these matrons and maids with the most tender sympathy in their loneliness and anxiety for the loved ones fighting the battles of their country; especially did he beseech these women of his charge that they should assume without fear the double responsibilities resting upon them, impressing upon them that the Lord is ever a shelter from the storm, a rock of defense to all that place their trust in him. He implored them not to say or to do aught that would prevent husband, father, brother from doing all they could for their country's safety and welfare, not to paralyze one effort to obtain liberty by any weak repining. Surely the good seed sown by this faithful servant of the Master, by this unflinching patriot, sprung up hundredfold, wherever his voice or words could reach. And so abundantly was this true patriot and servant of the Master honored, that with the third and fourth generations of the posterity of women who were regular attendants upon his ministry the name of old Domini's Doll is a beloved household word.

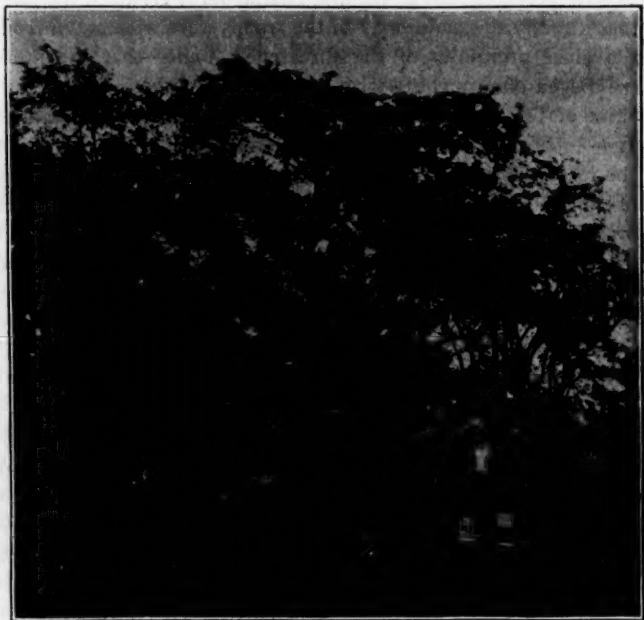
One house was spared in the hamlet, the VanSteenberg mansion, where General Washington had his headquarters when in the village. The barns of this home had been fired, when the recall was sounded for the flight of the British, who hastily fleeing with their booty, before the main building had been touched, the slaves secreted in the vicinity succeeded in arresting the flames before the fire had reached the dwelling. There is one tradition, believed by some, that the soldiers, instead of burning the house, had rolled out some barrels of liquor which had been stored in the cellars, and were refreshing themselves with the contents thereof, in order to stimulate the "inner man" for their wanton deeds of cruelty. Another explanation of this one dwelling being spared is that a noted Tory woman of great personal attractions, well known to many officers of the British Army, was at that time a guest of this home, and she, appearing at one of the dormer windows, had such an effect in taming or mollifying the threatening soldiers

so strangely forgetful of the first rudiments of civilized warfare, that directly the main body of the troops were withdrawn from too close proximity of the threatened home—that the more privileged officers could with greater freedom bask in the sunshine of this disloyal woman's smiles. (This lady was a Mrs. H——, of New Amsterdam.) The full name is not given, for the reason that it is borne by one of the most honored families of the modern New York, whose stainless record in the matter of loyalty, as of every other virtue, has thrown such a luster over the ancestral name as to make it indecorous to lift the veil that conceals individuals of the line, even though some should be in direct descent from the beautiful mistaken "Tory woman." Be the reason what it may, the dwelling was saved intact, and it is still standing with very slight alteration or innovation, one hundred and sixteen years later.

One barn, too, on the outskirts of the town, where a Christian man had been wont to resort, that he might offer up prayers for his country without molestation, was left unscarred by the fire fiend. The lintels of this humble building were sprinkled, as it were, with the supplicating tears of this devout child of God, and the destroyer passed by.

I have said only one house was spared. Of course, I mean entirely unscathed by the flames. The walls of the Old Senate House, where the Senate of the State of New York held its first session the 10th of September, 1777, and its regular meetings thereafter, until within a short time of the conflagration, stood black and frowning, like grim sentinels on guard, over the surrounding desolation. The roof and all the wood-work of the interior of this historic building were entirely devoured by the flames. This house, one of the oldest in the country, having been built in 1676, was rebuilt very nearly in accordance with the original plan. It has lately passed into the possession of the State, having been purchased as a notable revolutionary relic, and like the historic "Headquarters" house at Newburgh, will remain in the future to be gazed at by all who love visible reminders of "the times that tried men's souls."

[To be continued.]



FAIRBANK'S HOUSE IN DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.—BUILT 1366.

AN OLD ANCESTRAL HOME.

OF the few old landmarks of the colonial and revolutionary period that still exist in New England, the old Fairbank House at Dedham, Massachusetts, is of historic interest as being one of the oldest houses in America. Built in 1636 by the emigrant ancestor and founder of the Fairbanks family in America, ninety-six years before Washington was born and but sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, its quaint gables and picturesque architecture, and the magnificent elms surrounding, mark it as one of the most delightful of the old landmarks of New England. Thus it stands today in a state of good preservation with its ancient furniture intact, having withstood the ravages of time and the vicissitudes of wars and the elements for a period of two hundred and sixty years, embracing with the founder and builder ten

generations. During the whole period of its existence eight generations of lineal descendants have owned and occupied the old dwelling. The present owner and resident, Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, is a representative of the eighth generation. Designed for defense as well as for the conveniences and comforts of home, its massive timbers and solid walls attest its strength. Often menaced by the savages and their allies during the French and Indian wars and the war of King Philip, it resisted all attacks unharmed. Its proximity to Boston during the occupation of that city by the British forces, and during the siege it escaped destruction during the frequent raids of the enemy, whose outposts were in its immediate vicinity. A few years since (1886), under the auspices of Historical Society of Dedham, Massachusetts, a commemorative tablet was placed on its walls with the following inscription:

Homestead of
Jonathan Fairbanks,
Who with his sons
John, George & Jonathan, Jr.,
Signed the
Dedham Covenant,
September 10, O. S. 1636.
September 10, 1886.

Identified during the War of the Revolution as the birth-place and home of patriots who were engaged in the struggle for the independence of our country, it is of national as well of local importance. At the outbreak of hostilities the sons enlisted and were enrolled as minute men ever ready to respond to the call to arms. On the memorable 18th day of June, 1775, when the Lexington alarm aroused the sleeping citizens by Paul Revere during his famous midnight ride, they hastened to the scene and engaged in the conflict, following the advancing Britons to Concord, where at the historic bridge

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,

firing the first aggressive shot that pealed out the knell of British ascendancy in the New World.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot first heard round the world."

The subjoined sketch, copied from the *Boston Transcript* of November 9, 1895, presents an interesting and authentic history of the ancient and historic dwelling with details and suggestions relative to its further career. The patriotic State of Massachusetts ought to secure its possession or at least assist the Historical Society of Dedham with the coöperation of the Daughters of the American Revolution to secure this interesting relic.

HARRIET BATES FAIRBANKS.

PICTURESQUE "OLD FAIRBANKS HOUSE" IN DEDHAM DESCRIBED—IT MAY BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY THERE. INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE QUAIN OLD DWELLING TOLD.

JUST on the crest of a knoll where a sweet, green meadow sweeps downward toward the West, stands a low-browed, old-time dwelling. It has turned its back to the roads which pass by it on either side as if seeking the utmost privacy for itself and for its inmates. Great elms stand in the door-yard and rise far above the old moss-covered roof over which they cast their protecting arms. A rambling old house is this with its two hundred and sixty years of life. All parts of the structure appear equal in age, and yet, from its peculiar construction one cannot resist the idea that more than one mind, and perhaps more than one period of time was needed to bring it into its present picturesqueness. These are the thoughts which arise in the mind upon viewing for the first time the "Old Fairbanks House" in Dedham. A famous old mansion it is, famous the country over, for among the number of dwellings in New England which date back into the days of the colonies this, in its quaint architecture, is unique. It appears, in fact, to be three dwellings in one. Two parts entirely distinct from each other are in cottage form, each crowned with a gambrel roof. Between these two structures is a connecting link in the shape of a lean-to building, the long, sloping roof of which sweeps down almost to the ground. So low is it, in its lowest part, that the lilac bushes that grow luxuriantly close by the tower above the roof let fall their great clusters of delicate purple blossoms upon the bright green of the moss upon the roof. In front of the house, upon the western side, and hidden from the eyes of the approaching visitor is an ancient well over which hung an old-time sweep. But this disappeared long ago and a more modern appliance took its place. From the old doorstep the meadow rolls away to the cornfield and pond; and from it are seen along the roadside and beyond the upstart modern dwellings which may contain more of luxury and more of modern comforts, but can never wear that air of picturesqueness and of mellow repose which have been the

characteristics of the "Old Fairbanks House" for more than two centuries.

The old mansion has of late been brought before the public mind in an unusual manner by the rumors which have been circulated to the effect that it was to be offered for sale, and that, no doubt, the march of improvement would soon sweep away this quaint relic of the seventeenth century. It is now announced that an opportunity is offered for its acquisition by the Dedham Historical Society, a result devoutly to be wished. The building, with an acre or so of land, the remnant of a once large farm, has been purchased by John Crowley, a real estate dealer of Dedham, who, it is said, will hold it until arrangements for its purchase and preservation are made by the Society or by others. Many of the most intelligent and wealthy citizens of the town are members of the Historical Society, and it is not improbable that some arrangement will be made whereby the ancient dwelling may be preserved. As yet, no steps have been taken to this end, for the sale of the place to Mr. Crowley has just been consummated.

The Fairbanks house has an interesting history. In 1633 there came from Yorkshire, England, to cast in his lot with the New England Puritans, one Jonathan Fairbanks, with his wife and his six children. They brought with them the frame of a dwelling house which they designed to set up for their home. Three years were passed in "looking over the ground" and in deciding upon a place of settlement. At length, in 1636, the same year in which Roger Williams made his settlement at Providence, the town of Dedham was decided upon. It was then called "Contentment." Here Mr. Fairbanks purchased land for a farm, and here he set up the frame which had been brought with him in the ship, and established his dwelling. It is a tradition that the first of the two cottages only, with perhaps the "lean-to," was built in the year of the settlement; but that, five years later, the eldest son of the family, John Fairbanks, looked approvingly upon a maiden of the people and took her as his bride. Thereupon his father added the second cottage, thus forming another wing to the house and adding greatly to its picturesqueness and quaintness.

As already explained, the dwelling is composed of two gambrel-roofed cottages, connected by an intermediate structure with a long sloping roof. Various other odd corners and gables here and there, jut out and add still more to the artistic effect of the whole. It is not in the least probable that Jonathan Fairbanks, when he with the aid of his sons and neighbors raised the frame of his dwelling, imagined that he was building a house that, years hence, would be a Mecca for hundreds of amateur and professional artists, and that it would be often placed upon canvas, that even the presence of the sketchers in the dooryard would prove almost a nuisance to his remote kinswoman who should sit, two centuries and a half later, beside the hearthstone which he had laid. The entire length of the structure is not less than seventy-five feet, including both wings and the lean-to. For years, the tradition runs, an Indian

arrow projected from a shingle of the roof, but the shaft has long since disappeared and only the story remains, the truth whereof no one living can aver. The windows, whether upon front or rear, vary greatly in size. Indeed, scarcely any two are the same size or pattern. This adds much to the quaint aspect of the house. There are those who say that once upon a time these windows were filled with diamond-shaped panes, set in leaden sashes. There is a credible story that a favored one, who was once allowed to roam over the old house, discovered hidden away in the attic and covered with dust and cobwebs one of these ancient sashes. Whether it still lies in its oblivion no one knows. In the center of the main part of the house rises, of course, the massive chimney, larger than some of the rooms of the dwelling. In the kitchen, unpainted and unplastered, and dyed a deep chocolate brown by centuries of age and smoke, once was seen the old-time fireplace, with its crane and its rows of pot hooks. But modern ideas have banished this and the fireplace was long ago bricked up to give accommodation to a nineteenth century cook stove. Some day, perhaps, when the old house shall be only a memorial of a long past age and an ancient civilization, these modern bricks may be removed and the fireplace restored to its pristine homeliness.

The doorways in the interior of the old mansion are all low-browed, so low that a man even of ordinary height often finds difficulty in passing through without stooping. The ceilings, too, are low, far lower than the majority of ancient colonial houses. In the parlor, the most pretentious room of the house, the ceiling is scarcely more than six feet above the floor. The floors, as might be imagined, are quite uneven. To some extent age has done this, but, since saw mills were unknown when this old house was new, it is not improbable that the floors never were laid with the aid of a level. The floors of the different parts of the house are not always upon the same level. For example, the floor of the kitchen is a foot or more lower than that of the lean-to. A door communicates between the two rooms, and the step, formed from a log of hewn oak, is worn deeply with the footsteps of generations. What a field for imaginative thought is here, and how one may picture to himself the babe, the little child, the youth, the young man or maiden, the man or woman of mature years, the feeble grandsire, each in turn, through these many, many years, pressing the foot upon this very spot, until a furrow has been worn by the touch. A Hawthorne might do justice to such a theme.

The rooms above are quite as interesting as those below. They are reached by a narrow winding stairway, one side of which is formed by the rough, unplastered bricks of the great chimney. The upper story of the wing of the house, said to have been built for John Fairbanks and his bride, is specially quaint. This wing is three steps higher than the main part of the house. In the upper part the chamber occupies the whole wing and is of fair height, for the gambrel gives good "head room." Below a small chamber is partitioned off from the main room

by a board partition only. In this chamber is a fireplace that was once surrounded with blue Dutch tiles, of which a few still remain. Everywhere throughout the house are seen the great hewn oak timbers, uncovered by plastering and often ornamented by rude carvings. All these are, of course, dark brown with age. It is a queer, quaint old dwelling, such a dwelling as might well have been the scene of the romance of the "House of the Seven Gables," for seven there surely are, and even more. But there is no cobwebbed room opening outward like that where Hepzibah kept her humble mart of trade, and there is no tragedy overshadowing with its gloom and horror the "Old Fairbanks House." Here, from the days of Jonathan Fairbanks until now, has dwelt some one bearing the name of its builder. The old homestead has never until now been alienated from the family which laid its timbers and built its massive chimney. No mortgage has ever rested upon it, and although little by little the farm lands about it have been divided among succeeding generations, and, lot by lot, have slipped away from the original holdings, the ancient dwelling has remained in the ownership and occupancy of a Fairbanks. Over the kitchen fireplace hangs the old smooth-bore musket that was carried by one of the family at the siege of Louisburg. The story of its long life, and of them who have passed and repassed its threshold, sat beneath the shade of its ancient elms, and drank of the water of its well, who shall tell?—*Boston Transcript, November 9, 1895.*

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

NATHAN HALE CHAPTER CELEBRATES.

THE Nathan Hale Chapter, of St. Paul, Minnesota, commemorated the birthday of their hero on Saturday, June 6, that day having been chosen as the most appropriate one for the important event of the presentation of their charter by the State Regent, Mrs. R. M. Newport. The meeting was a most enjoyable and enthusiastic one, and the members took great pleasure in welcoming, beside the State Regent, the officers of the St. Paul Chapter and many other friends. The exercises took place at the home of the Historian, Mrs. Charles E. Smith, whose spacious parlors had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, pinks and peonies abounding and the American flag occupying important places. In the center of one of the parlors, at a point easily seen from all parts of the house, stood the desk of the Regent, Mrs. Joseph E. McWilliams, and was the center from which all else radiated. The desk itself was draped with the American flag, upon which stood a superb bunch of roses, and suspended from it was a handsome new white satin banner with the motto of the Chapter inscribed thereon in letters of blue and gold, a gift that day from the Regent. The programme was opened with the following words of welcome from the Regent :

Friends and Sister Daughters : We are very glad indeed to welcome you here to-day, and do so heartily, at this gathering in commemoration of our martyr hero's birth—one whom we are so proud to honor, and who with his latest breath uttered a sentiment so sublime that we doubt if the archives of nations can produce its equal.

We to-day, as a Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, formally adopt for our motto, his immortal words, and they are inscribed upon this piece of white satin, that its purity might be an emblem of his beautiful young life. And, while we may not be called upon to give all that Nathan Hale gave in our country's service, I trust there is no one present who does not feel the importance

of the work that can be accomplished—indeed that is being accomplished—throughout our land by the patriotic societies in re-awakening in this decade of peace and prosperity the sacred spirit of patriotism, and that we can one and all say in profound earnestness, and teach the youth of our country to say, "We only regret that we have but one life to live for our country."

An exceedingly interesting paper on Benjamin Franklin was read by Mrs. Charles S. Fee, followed by a piano solo.

The Historian then read an address in which she told briefly of the organization of the Chapter, and called attention to the work accomplished during the six months of its existence, as shown in the three handsomely bound volumes containing the typewritten papers upon the signers of the Declaration of Independence that had been prepared and read by the members of the Chapter. These three volumes were handsomely bound in blue and white, the Society colors, and a dainty little book in the same binding bore the title, Chapter Register, in which each member had upon her admission into the Chapter inscribed her name, address, National and Chapter number. She then proceeded to give a sketch of the life of Nathan Hale, as follows:

Mrs. Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, and our Guests: We meet to-day to commemorate the birth of one of America's greatest heroes, and one whom our patriotic societies delight to honor. We all unite in the admiration of his noble character, pride in his self-forgetful heroism, and grief in his untimely death; a martyr to the cause of American liberty, he met with sublime bravery the most ignominious death known to a brave soldier.

In the two great wars of our country, wars fought, not for accession of territory or supremacy of power, but for principles of liberty and freedom, hundreds of brave men, eager to render service to their country, have marched forth "to do or die" with no thought of personal danger, but inspired and exalted by fervid patriotism.

"It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country" may well be the war cry of the battlefield, where, lifted beyond himself by the excitement of conflict and the intensity of ardor, the patriot feels that to be the soldier's true place, and that it is happiness indeed to fall fighting for his country's honor.

But how many of these brave soldiers, heroes though they were, and willing to offer their lives for their country's needs, would have deemed "any service honorable that was necessary for the public good," even the perilous and humiliating offices of a spy, menaced as it was by the disgraceful death of hanging . . . a spy, for whom shooting was too good.

It is the grandeur of such sacrifice as this, the glorious abandonment of fear, even where fear is deemed a virtue, that has immortalized the name of Nathan Hale—the name this Chapter has the honor to bear.

Nathan Hale was born June 6, 1755, in the town of Coventry, twenty miles east of Hartford, Connecticut. Upon high ground, commanding a fine prospect, stands the old-fashioned farm house where he first saw the light. He was the sixth of twelve children, nine sons and three daughters. He was so frail as an infant that it was feared he would not live, but this delicacy was outgrown as he grew older and developed a great fondness for all out-door sports, which gave strength and vigor to his body.

As a boy he was famous for athletic feats. It is said that he excelled all his fellows in running, leaping, wrestling, playing ball, and shooting at a mark. When a student at Yale College he made a prodigious leap which was marked upon the green at New Haven and pointed out for years afterwards. A friend speaking of Hale's agility says, "He would put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it at a single bound; he would jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second, and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out like a cat."

He loved his gun and fishing-rod and exhibited great ingenuity in fashioning juvenile implements of every sort. He used to boast jokingly to his sisters as they sat over their spinning-wheels that he "could do anything but spin!"

High schools were unknown in those days and classical academies were confined to the larger towns; so the boys of smaller towns who desired a liberal education were prepared for college by the ministers, many of whom were accomplished scholars. Such an one was Dr. Joseph Huntington, minister of the parish where Nathan Hale was born, and from him Nathan and two of his brothers received their preparation for college, their father intending them for the ministry. Enoch at the age of sixteen and Nathan at fourteen entered Yale College together and were graduated in 1775.

He is described as being at the time of his graduation, "Six feet in height and perfectly proportioned. His chest was broad and his muscles firm. His face wore a most benign expression; his complexion was roseate; his eyes light blue, and beamed with intelligence, his hair was soft and light brown in color, and his speech was rather low, sweet, and musical."

The year after his graduation he taught school in the town of East Haddam, and afterwards was master of the Union Grammar School in New London. It was at that time that the news of the fight at Lexington rang through the Colonies. A town meeting was called at which the young schoolmaster made a stirring speech. "Let us march immediately," said he; "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence!" He then gathered his school boys about him, and

after giving them wise counsel, bade them an affectionate farewell, and hurried with the other recruits to Boston. He was soon made lieutenant in a company belonging to a regiment commanded by Colonel Webb, and the next year he was put in command of a company of a famous corps—Knowlton's rangers, known as "Congress's Own."

The darkest hour of our country's struggle for liberty was after the disastrous battle of Long Island, that battle where the few thousand ill-clothed, undisciplined provincial troops faced a splendidly equipped army, many regiments of which were veterans. The raw American troops, despite their courage and heroism, were no match for the trained and skilled soldiers of Great Britain; and even General Washington, undemonstrative and reserved as he was, is said to have wrung his hands in anguish upon seeing his troops defeated and driven back, he being powerless to aid them.

During the night of August 29, 1776, Washington escaped with the remainder of his little army across the East River. The troops were so greatly depressed by their defeat, and were in such a state of gloom and despondency, that the men began to desert by scores and even by entire regiments. Of those who remained, fresh as they were from the work shop and field, a large portion were impatient of restraint and clamorous for pay. One-fourth of them were on the sick list. One-third were without tents. They had clothes, shoes, and blankets only suitable for a summer campaign, and winter was approaching. The military chest was entirely empty of money, and had been so for two months. In positive suffering for want of supplies, without confidence, without subordination, importunate in complaints, the American Army—fourteen thousand only fit for duty—in the month of September, 1776, lay stretched along, detached, anxious, and full of gloom, from the battery in New York as far as Kingsbridge. And facing them, from the extreme southern point of Long Island to a point opposite the Heights of Harlem, riding in ships whose formidable batteries frowned on the American shores, was arranged a British land and naval force magnificently equipped with artillery, military stores, and warlike materials of every kind, for the special purpose, as it was proclaimed, of "looking down and ending forever the opposition of the rebels;" and which, under the command of the most able and distinguished generals, was now in the first flush of victory, impatient for further conquest and confident of success.

What would be General Howe's next move? It was a question of infinite moment to Washington and his enfeebled and dispirited army, and one which could not be settled without precise information as to the enemy's designs. In vain did American scouts venture near the British line in order to catch some hint. In vain did American eyes strain through the darkness, when night settled upon the armies, in search of some Hessian deserter who might be tempted to give them information. In vain did American officers convene, sad and thoughtful, around their beloved commander and attempt, from the position of the foes, to

work out the problem of their plans. All places of their own encampment seemed equally menaced. It was Howe's policy to blind, and thus far he had succeeded.

In his dire extremity, Washington deemed it necessary that some skilled soldier should go as a spy into the British line, and procure the knowledge so much desired. The board of officers fully agreed with his views, and Colonel Knowlton was instructed to select some competent person for the hazardous undertaking.

The exigencies of the American Army would not permit of the employment of an ordinary soldier in the proposed venture, one unpracticed in military observation and without skill as a draughtsman. It was necessary for General Washington to have an accurate estimate of the forces of the enemy and of their distribution; of the form and position of their various encampments, and of their concentration at different points, of their instruments of war; but most of all, of their plan of attack, which might be obtained through open reports, or by means of unguarded remarks among the officers. Reports of all these things requiring a quick eye, a cool head, a practiced pencil, military science, and general intelligence were to be made.

Colonel Knowlton, therefore, appealed to the officers of his own regiment, and some others assembled there for the purpose, and in the name of the commander-in-chief invited the service. The solemn pause which followed his appeal was long unbroken. The officers all felt it too irredeemably humiliating, and one after another, as Knowlton repeated his appeal individually, each declined.

The task seemed hopeless. It is said that Knowlton appealed in his extremity to a Frenchman, a sergeant, known for his bravery and daring and who had served in the French War, hoping to induce him to undertake the task. "No, indeed," was the prompt reply; "I am ready to fight the British at any time and place, but I do not feel willing to go among them to be hung up for a dog!"

What was to be done?

At the moment when all hope for the enterprise seemed to be at an end, and saddened by the thought of future disaster, the heart of Colonel Knowlton was fast sinking in despair, from the group of reluctant, half-resentful officers came a voice with the painfully thrilling, but cheering words, "I will undertake it." It was the voice of Captain Nathan Hale. He had come late into the assembly of officers. Scarcely recovered from a severe illness, his face still pale, without his ordinary strength of body, yet firm and intrepid as ever. Undismayed by its dangers, and undaunted by its disgrace, he at once volunteered to undertake the dangerous mission, already declined by the others.

His friends and many of his fellow-officers remonstrated with him, Young, ardent, educated, and accomplished, the darling of the soldiers and pride of his commander, why should he thus hazard his life and reputation? "Did his country demand the moral degradation of her sons to

advance her interests?" Would he not have ample opportunity in the progress of war "to give his talents and life, if necessary, to the sacred cause for which he was pledged?" Why, then, by one fatal act, crush forever "the power and opportunity heaven offered him for his country's glory and his own happiness?" Why sadden the hearts of his relatives and friends by undertaking this perilous mission, threatened as it was by a martyr's death?

Such were some of the remonstrances and entreaties addressed to Hale, and this was his reply:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies, and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information than assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. For a year I have been attached to the army and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

Later in the same day the young officer presented himself before General Washington as a volunteer for the dangerous service; he was accepted, received his instructions and disappeared from camp. He passed up the Connecticut shore, disguised as a schoolmaster, and landed upon Long Island. He visited all the British camps upon Long Island and in New York, and made drawings of the fortifications, writing his observations in Latin, and hiding them between the soles of his shoes.

He had been about two weeks within the British line, had accomplished his mission, and was waiting upon the shore at Huntington, Long Island, for a boat that was to convey him to Connecticut, when he was captured, having been recognized a few hours before by a Tory refugee. He was taken aboard a British man-of-war and was carried to Sir William Howe's headquarters in New York City. Here Hale frankly acknowledged his rank and his purpose as a spy. He frankly but respectfully told of his success in getting information in the British camps, and expressed his regret that he had not been able to serve his country better. A British officer who was present at the interview speaks of it thus: "I observed that the frankness, the manly bearing, and the evident disinterested patriotism of the handsome young prisoner, sensibly touched a tender chord in General Howe's nature; but the stern rules of war concerning such offenses would not allow him to exercise even pity." He was condemned to be hung at daybreak the next morning.

In what prison or guardhouse that brave young patriot passed that last sad night of his life is unknown, but of the brutality and cruelty of the provost marshal into whose hands he had been given over, there is abund-

ant proof. His request for a clergyman was refused, and even a Bible was denied him.

During the preparations for execution an English officer obtained permission to offer him the seclusion of his own tent where writing materials were furnished him; but the farewell letters he wrote to his loved ones were torn to shreds before his eyes by the cruel provost marshal, who read them, when they were given into his hands to be conveyed to the American lines. This individual afterwards said that he had destroyed them "so that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

In the early dawn of September 22, 1776, our young hero was hurried from the tent of the English officer to the gallows. A crowd had gathered, many of whom afterwards bore witness to his noble bearing and to the barbarity with which he was treated by the provost marshal.

As Hale was about to ascend the fatal scaffold he stood a moment looking upon the detachment of British soldiers and the crowd standing about and the words which came from his loyal young heart in that supreme moment have become immortal: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

It is not known in what spot his body was laid, but the bones of this young patriot crumbled to dust in the heart of the metropolis he had helped to found.

A fine bronze monument to the memory of Nathan Hale is in the vestibule of the State Capitol, Hartford, Connecticut. It was erected in 1887, a large sum of money being voted toward its cost by the State of Connecticut. But it is most fitting that the latest tribute to him should be in the city of New York near the spot where he suffered death for his country. No other statue in New York has attracted so much attention as this picturesque, interesting figure, and there is no hour in the day when people may not be seen gazing at it. It was erected November 25, 1893, by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution of New York City, and is an imposing life-size bronze figure standing upon a massive granite pedestal.

So long as love of country is cherished and devotion to the cause of liberty is remembered, so long will the name of Nathan Hale shine with pure and undimmed luster.

Another musical number followed, and then Mrs. Weirick, a most accomplished elocutionist, very effectively rendered a poem to the memory of Nathan Hale (written by Alice Crosseth Hall). The State Regent then presented the charter with the following words:

Madam Regent and Daughters of the American Revolution: We have met to-day under most agreeable auspices on the anniversary of the birth of that stirring young patriot of the Revolution who gave his life for his country, and who was animated by the spirit which it is one of the chief objects of the Daughters of the American Revolution to foster and

quicken in the hearts of all American citizens. He was young in years when he went to his death, but he lived long enough to inscribe his name on the roll of immortal heroes. His name is an appropriate one by which to designate your Chapter, and the work you have already done may be taken as an indication of your loyalty to the principles and character of your patron saint. The charter which I hold in my hand is the formal token of your admission to the National Society and is a warrant of your existence as a part of that organization. I am confident that you will as a Chapter be true to the principles of our Society, and by your intelligent activity and patriotic zeal will greatly promote the interests which we all have so much at heart. It gives me pleasure, Madam Regent, on behalf of the National Society, to place in your hands the charter of the Nathan Hale Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In acknowledgement and response the Chapter Regent, Mrs. McWilliams, said :

Mrs. Regent : I regret exceedingly that our full membership is not present in this proud and happy hour, when we receive from your hands this priceless treasure, and by this official act become a fully incorporated Chapter of the grandest society of women known to exist among nations to-day—the Daughters of the American Revolution. And we would feel prouder still of this beautiful charter, Mrs. Regent, if some day it could bear a frame made from a branch of one of the trees planted by your distinguished ancestor about old Independence Hall, wherein the immortal signers of the charter of our country's freedom inscribed their names, and with whose noble and self-sacrificing lives this Chapter has become so familiar during the months it has devoted to this branch of American history. I thank you, Mrs. Regent, in behalf of the members of the Nathan Hale Chapter, for your presence here to-day, for your kind words, and for this charter.

The Regent then placed before the Chapter a handsome framed picture of the school house where Nathan Hale was teaching when "the first shot was fired," and he said, "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have gained our liberty;" stating that it was a gift to the Chapter from the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, of New London, Connecticut, accompanied by a most cordial letter which was read by the Secretary, Mrs. Schurmeier. A motion of grateful thanks was offered by our Vice-Regent, Mrs. Brill, for this handsome and very acceptable gift, and was heartily endorsed by every member present.

The Historian then presented the Chapter with a framed

picture of the birthplace of Nathan Hale and of the statue in City Hall Park, New York, which were enthusiastically received.

All joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," after which Mrs. D. A. Montfort, Regent of the St. Paul Chapter, extended most cordial greetings to the younger Chapter from the older one, wishing the Nathan Hale Chapter success and happiness in their work.

LILA STEWART MANN SMITH,
Historian.

SEQUOIA CHAPTER CELEBRATES "LEXINGTON DAY."

SEQUOIA CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution of San Francisco, held a delightful reception on Saturday, April 18, 1896, at the Century Club rooms, in honor of "Lexington Day." The parlors and dining room were gracefully decorated with numerous American flags and a profusion of red and white flowers. The members and their guests numbered over three hundred, and were most gracefully welcomed by the Regent, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, and the Honorary State Regent, Mrs. William Alvord, assisted by the members of Sequoia Chapter. A dainty collation was served during the hours of the reception, from three until seven in the afternoon, by Ludwig, San Francisco's renowned caterer. The music was furnished by San Francisco young ladies, the vocal and instrumental solos being charmingly rendered, and the trombone and cornet selections most patriotic and effective. The historic address by one of the ex-officers of Sequoia Chapter, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, was enthusiastically received and courteously listened to. At the request of the Regent it is here appended :

We, members of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, welcome to-day our friends whom, we trust, are inspired by the same spirit of patriotism that animates the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution wherever they are assembled throughout this grand Republic to commemorate the heroic deeds of our ancestors in establishing our National Independence by resisting British oppression, the first blood of that agonizing struggle being shed at Lexington, April 19, 1775, the day we now celebrate. The French have a proverb, "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte*," and thus the first gun fired in that little Massachusetts village was the "Shot that was heard around the world!" Little

did the patriots of the thirteen Colonies, smarting under oppression, think that when Patrick Henry, that Boanerges of the Revolution, thundered forth in his eloquent speech before the Virginia Assembly on March 23, 1775, "Give me liberty, or give me death," that not a moon should wax and wane before the first blood, of what proved to be a long and harrassing war of over seven years, would be shed in the hamlet of Lexington by the "Embattled Farmers," to whom Paul Revere, after the fashion of Tam O'Shanter, fleeing from Alloway Kirk, but with more substantial spirits behind him, galloped at break-neck speed, at the gleaming of the signal lights in the belfry of the old North church in Boston, and spread the alarm,

"Through every Middlesex, village, and farm,
For the country folk, to be up and to arm."

"While from Lexington to Concord, the thrilling messenger ran,
And behind each tree and hedge now, there lurked an earnest man;
A man whose life was ready, held in unerring hand,
To be offered up for liberty, for God, and native land."

For months the patriots had been collecting arms and ammunition, knowing that the fire of indignation at oppression, which so long had been smouldering, was liable to break out at any moment.

Let us glance back to the time when the British Parliament authorized the "Writs of Assistance" in 1761, first issued in Massachusetts. Great excitement prevailed, and their legality was questioned, and when the advocate for the crown argued that no subject had a right to complain, he was answered by James Otis, with an eloquence like lightning, as he concluded, "To my dying day, I will oppose with all the power and facilities God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on the one hand and villiany on the other!" On that day the trumpet of the Revolution was sounded; as John Adams afterwards said, "The seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown."

This was followed by the Stamp Act in the spring of 1765, in defiance of the universal opposition of the Americans, and associations, called Sons of Liberty, were organized in every Colony, who put forth their energies in defense of popular freedom. In October of the same year, the second Colonial Congress met in the city of New York, continuing in session fourteen days, and three well-written documents by John Cruger and Robert Livingston, of New York, and James Otis, of Massachusetts, approved by all the Provincial assemblies, were sent to the British Parliament, and the 1st of November was observed as a day of fasting and mourning; funeral processions lined the streets, and the bells tolled death knells. Throughout the Colonies merchants entered into agreements not to import goods from Great Britain while the obnoxious Stamp Act remained a law. The women of the Colonies vied with each other in home productions, and a society called "The Daughters of Liberty" met in Boston, accompanied by their spinning wheels, and

spun yarn for clergymen to distribute, of which we have a fitting emblem in the badge of the Daughters of the American Revolution!

When in June, 1768, the ship "Liberty," belonging to John Hancock, was seized because the people refused to pay duty on the cargo, the British ministry resolved to send seven hundred troops under General Gage to take possession of Boston. They landed in that Puritan city on a quiet Sabbath, while the churches were filled by a devout people, with drums beating and colors flying like a victorious army entering a conquered stronghold, thus outraging popular freedom, patriotism, and religion. On the 5th of March, 1770, ensued the "Boston Massacre," followed by the "Boston Tea Party" December 16, 1773. In June, 1774, the "Boston Port Bill" went into operation, whereby business was crushed and trade prostrated. General Gage, commander in-chief of the British Army in America, was appointed Governor of Massachusetts and the military force greatly increased.

Slavish submission or armed resistance was now the only alternative, and accordingly all the Colonies were invited to appoint delegates to the first Continental Congress convened, in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, with Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, as president, Charles Thomson, of Pennsylvania, as secretary, and our own Washington as one of the delegates from Virginia; the eloquent and brave Patrick Henry broke the prolonged silence that followed the opening prayer with soul-stirring words that electrified the entire audience. They remained in session until October 26, during which time they prepared and put forth several State papers, among them a "Bill of Rights" sent to the British Parliament, written by John Jay, of New York, marked by such signal ability and wisdom as to draw forth from the Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords, these words, "I must declare and avow that in all my reading and study of history (and it has been my favorite study, I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world) that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion under such a compilation of circumstances no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia!" They adjourned to meet May 10, 1775, unless the desired redress of grievances should be obtained. That same autumn a Provincial Congress was formed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with John Hancock as president, and made provisions for an army of twelve thousand men to be raised in Massachusetts, soliciting other New England Colonies to augment it to twenty thousand. On the 1st of April, 1775, there were more than three thousand British troops in Boston.

Confident in his power, General Gage felt certain he could repress insurrection and keep the people quiet. Yet he felt uneasy concerning the gathering of stores and ammunition at Concord, sixteen miles from Boston. Toward midnight, on the 18th of April, he secretly dispatched eight hundred men under Lieutenant Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn to destroy them, having communicated his plan to but one person; yet

it was soon known to Hancock and Adams, the ever vigilant Dr. Warren, and to that famous "Son of Liberty," Paul Revere. When Lord Percy left headquarters on the evening of April 18, he passed a group of men on Boston Common and heard a man say, "The British troops have marched, but they'll miss their aim." "What aim?" inquired Lord Percy. "Why, the common at Concord," was the reply. When at dawn, April 19, Major Pitcairn with the advance guard reached Lexington he found seventy determined men under Captain Jonas Parker drawn upon the village green to oppose him. Pitcairn rode forward and shouted, "Disperse, disperse ye rebels, down with your arms and disperse!" They refused obedience and he ordered his men to fire. The dreadful order was obeyed; the first blood of the Revolution was spilled as John Hicks fell at the Lexington bridge; the hero immortalized by Longfellow in "Paul Revere's Ride."

" And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball."

Eight men, loyal citizens of Massachusetts, were the first human sacrifices on the altar of American freedom.

" Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossess'd,
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the
rest."

It was now sunrise; the minute men having dispersed, the British pressed forward toward Concord, to find the Middlesex farmers flocking into the town from all directions, armed with every conceivable weapon—muskets, shotguns, and flint-locks, and the "Old Queen's arm that Grand'ther Young brought home from Concord busted." Many already in battle array under Major Buttrick, Adjutant Joseph Hosmer, and Captain David Brown had pressed forward at Colonel Barrett's command to oppose the invaders, who were beginning to destroy the bridges, when they were fired upon by the British. "Great God, boys," cried Captain Brown; "they are firing bullets; do as I do." And so the patriots returned a full volley; some of the invaders fell, others retreated. A few stores only were destroyed, the British being terribly smitten by the gathering minute men as they retreated toward Lexington. Shots came with deadly aim from behind fences, stone walls, and trees; they were attacked from ambush and in the open highway. It was, indeed, as "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." The British were fighting the most purely English element (possibly excepting Virginia) of all the Colonies, and with the embattled Puritans it was, indeed,

" Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land."

It was evident that the whole country was aroused. Heaven smiled upon the patriots, for the day was an intensely hot one, and heavy uniforms and helmets were not so comfortable as the home-spun working garb of the farmers. The eight hundred British troops must all have perished, or been captured, had not a reinforcement under Lord Percy met and relieved them near Lexington. After a brief rest, the entire body, eighteen hundred strong, retreated, terribly assailed along the whole ten miles to their shelter at Charlestown, narrowly escaping *en route* seven hundred Essex militia from Lynn and Salem, under Colonel Pickering, marching to strike their flank. Under the guns of British war vessels, the remnant of the detachment rested that night, and passed over to Boston the next morning. During the expedition the British lost in killed and wounded two hundred and seventy-three men, the Americans one hundred and three.

The skirmishes at Lexington and Concord stirred society in the Colonies as it had never been stirred before. There was a spontaneous movement to environ Boston with an army of Provincials that should confine the British to the Peninsular. For this purpose New Hampshire voted two thousand men, with Folsom and Stark as commanders; Connecticut voted six thousand under Spencer and Putnam; Rhode Island one thousand five hundred, with Greene as leader; Massachusetts voted thirteen thousand six hundred, the people there seem to rise "en mass." In the space of ten days an army of twenty thousand men were forming camps around Boston, and our revolutionary mothers were managing the lonely farms out-of-doors, as well as within, while the daughters worked with a spinning-wheel and loom, as we read from the "Diary of Abigail Adams," and bade the patriots "God speed." Arms and ammunition were seized in various places by the "Sons of Liberty." Provincial Congresses were formed, and before the end of summer the power of every royal governor from New Hampshire to Georgia was utterly destroyed, and to the glory of North Carolina be it said, in May, 1775, the first Declaration of Independence was drawn up in the county of Mecklenberg more than thirteen months before the general Declaration of Independence of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, thus evincing the same determination to resist "taxation without representation" as did the New England patriots, though little did they dream that the battlegrounds of the Revolution would be stretched from Vermont to Georgia, and that more than eight weary years would elapse before the final evacuation of New York by the remnant of the British Army in our young Republic, November 25, 1783.

Says a military writer, "The skirmishes of Lexington and Concord were such pulsations of an excited people as not to have a proper place in a strict battle record, except as they mark the progress of public sentiment toward the maturing issue of general war. Raw militia, jealous of the right to bear arms, thoroughly set in purpose to vindicate that right and all the franchises of a free people by the extreme test of *Lib-*

erty or Life, had faced the disciplined troops of Great Britain without fear of penalty. The quickening sentiment which gave nerve to the arm, steadiness to the heart, and force to the blow, was one of those historic expressions of human will which overmaster discipline itself. It was the method of an inspired madness. The onset swept back a solid column of trained soldiers, because the *moral force* of the energizing passion was imperative and supreme! No troops in the world could have resisted that movement. Discipline, training, and courage are exponents of real power, but there must be something more than these to enable any moderate force of armed men to cope with a people already on fire with the conviction that the representatives of national force are employed to smother the national life. The ill-judged policy which precipitated these memorable skirmishes was directly in the way of military success. It impaired the confidence of the soldiers in their ability to maintain the impending struggle, while at the same time it intensified the fever and strengthened the nerve of the uprising commons."

Dr. Dwight says: "The expedition to Lexington and Concord was one which under other circumstances would have been little tales of wonder and woe, but it became the preface to the history of the Nation, the beginning of a Republic, and a theme of disquisition and astonishment to the civilized world." Proudly then, indeed, may we, Daughters of the American Revolution, celebrate the deeds of our noble sires who fought and died for freedom.

"Oh, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending,
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye—
Glory that never is dim, shining on with light never ending,
Glory that never shall fade—never, oh! never, away."

HULDA HOLMES BERGEN BROWN.

FIRST MEETING OF ONONDAGA CHAPTER.

THE first meeting of Onondaga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, on January 28, 1895, the charter members being present. The Regent appointed the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. C. Herbert Halcomb, Secretary; Mrs. William Nottingham, Treasurer; Mrs. George N. Crouse, Registrar; Mrs. Thomas Emory, Historian.

Our first official meeting was in August. On that occasion Miss Isabella Forsyth, New York State Regent, presented us with our charter. The meeting took place at "Overlook," the summer residence of the Regent, on the shores of Lake Owah-

gena, in the ideal town of Cazenovia. We were not called together again until November, when our Regent had returned to Syracuse. Our membership had increased to twenty, and an election of officers for the ensuing year was held, the same board being reelected, and the last Monday of each month was appointed for the regular meetings.

During the winter our number increased to thirty-two, but desiring to create some enthusiasm we decided to give a reception and celebrate the battle of Lexington, which we did, and the reception was given by the Daughters of the American Revolution of the Onondaga Chapter at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, and was most enjoyable. The house was handsomely decorated with red, white, and blue bunting. Between the parlors was the United States shield, one side a bronze plaque of Washington, and on the other one of Lafayette. The reception committee consisted of the officers of the association. A hand book was open upon the table and each guest was requested to sign his or her name. Some young ladies dressed as Puritan maidens assisted in entertaining the guests. The decorations of the dining room were patriotic indeed. The center piece was the emblem of the Daughters of the American Revolution—a spinning wheel and distaff—composed of the stars and stripes and red and white carnations. The candles in the candelabras were red, white, and blue. The evening programme was opened by a quartette singing the "Star Spangled Banner." This was followed by the address delivered by Hon. Milton H. Northrop, postmaster of Syracuse, on the "Battle of Lexington." A solo was then rendered, and the exercises closed with the singing of "America" by all the guests. Supper was then served. Tiny flags, bearing in gilt letters the two dates April 19, 1775, April 19, 1896, were given by the Regent as souvenirs of the occasion. The Regent was presented by the Chapter with a gavel made of ebony, with silver trimmings, on which was engraved the following: "April 19th, 1896. Onondaga Chapter, D. A. R., to Mary Bache McCarthy, descendant of Benjamin Franklin and first Regent of the Chapter." Several members from the Auburn and Utica Chapters honored us with their presence. At a meeting held in April Mrs. J. M. Belden was

elected Vice-Regent. We adjourned in May until October, and trust that next winter we may be able to do something patriotic that will be of practical benefit.

MARY BACHE MCCARTHY,
Regent.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE patriotic societies of Delaware held their first united meeting on the Fourth of July at Grubb's Landing, the residence of the State Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Churchman. They were the guests of the Cæsar Rodney Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Representatives from the Society of Colonial Dames, the Society of Cincinnati, the Sons of the American Revolution, and Daughters of the American Revolution were present. The Chapter Regent, Miss Waples, presided and delivered an address of welcome.

After a prayer by Rev. J. Harry Chesley, Son of the American Revolution, of the Church of the Ascension, Claymont, Delaware, the Declaration of Independence was read by the Chief Justice of Delaware, the Hon. Charles B. Lore. Delightful papers were read by Mrs. C. Lee McIlvaine, of the Colonial Dames; Miss Baird-Huey, of the Philadelphia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Miss Leiper, of the Delaware County Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Stirring addresses were delivered by the following members of the Sons of the American Revolution: the Rev. F. M. Munson, chaplain, Mr. Peter B. Ayres, Mr. A. J. Woodman, Mr. L. T. Grubb, and Mr. L. B. Jones.

Letters of regret were read from the Bishop of Delaware, Right Rev. J. Leighton Coleman, chaplain of the Society of the Cincinnati; Mrs. W. B. Hogg, State Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. A. C. Geer and Miss Mary Desha, Honorary Vice-Presidents General, Daughters of the American Revolution.

An honored guest of the occasion was Mrs. J. Edwards Woodbridge, who photographed the patriotic scene, thus preserv-

ing to each member a picture of the day which brought so much pleasure to all assembled. This historic spot presented a gala appearance, flags waved from every post and pillar, the verandas were entwined with the national colors, and as it was a landing place for supplies for soldiers engaged in the battle of the Brandywine during the Revolutionary War, it was specially appropriate for this memorable celebration.

The exercises were enlivened by the singing of patriotic songs and closed with the reciting of the poem, "Cæsar Rodney's Ride," by the State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A copy of this poem was distributed to each guest as a souvenir of the day, through the generous courtesy of Miss Harriette Warrick Mahon, a member of the Cæsar Rodney Chapter.

Luncheon was served on the lawn under the trees, and the guests dispersed with rousing cheers for Independence Day, the flag, the friends, the hospitable entertainment, and the Cæsar Rodney Chapter.

The following extract is from a report of the State Regent to the Fifth Continental Congress :

"In the struggle for freedom Delaware was in no way behind, and we look with pride upon the unsullied record of our revolutionary ancestors. In commemoration of the many valuable services rendered at that time by the noble patriot, Cæsar Rodney, th first Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution organized in his native State bears his name.

"He was a man of action, in an era of action, as was plainly shown in that memorable ride of eighty miles in less than a day in order to participate in the deliberation, and carry with him to the Congress of the Colonies the vote which he held in trust for Delaware, and which was needed to make the Declaration of Independence the unanimous act of thirteen united States. He had lingered at his home near Dover, beguiled by the smiles of a beautiful Tory maiden, who, thinking all things fair in "love and war," had intercepted important letters urging his presence in Philadelphia, when the messenger arrived, sent by Congress, bidding him speed post-haste, *amor patriæ* filled his soul, and without a moment for farewell, he sprang into the saddle."

CÆSAR RODNEY'S RIDE.

From that soft midland where the breezes bear
The North and the South on the genial air,
Through the County of Kent on affairs of State
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burley and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat, and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English State,
Rode Cæsar Rodney the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew from his anxious face
It was matter grave that brought him there
To the counties three on the Delaware.

Money and men we *must have* he said,
Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the King shall not work his will,
We are men since the blood of Bunker Hill.

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay,
Hello Rodney, Ho! you must save the day!
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate.

Answered Rodney then I will ride with speed,
It's Liberty's stress, it is Freedom's need.
When stands it! To-night, not a moment to spare,
But ride like the wind from the Delaware!

Ho! Saddle the black, I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,
But I'll be in time, if God give me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face.

He is up! He is off! And the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the God-speed dies,
It is gallop and spur as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile stones move arear.

It is two of the clock, and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and a cling;
It is three, and he gallops with slackened rein
Where the road winds down to the Delaware.

Four, and he spurs into New Castle town,
From his panting steed gets quickly down.
A fresh one, haste! Not a moment to wait,
And off speeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five, and the beams of the Western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun ;
Six, and the dust of Chester street
Flies black in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven, the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill Ferry crawls over the stream,
But at 7.15 by the Rittenhouse clock,
He flings his rein to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met, the debate begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one,
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walked Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late, and that half day's ride
Forward's the world with a mighty stride,
For the act was passed e'er the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung.
We are free! All the bells through the Colonies rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

CAROLINE M. DENISON,

Secretary Cæsar Rodney Chapter, D. A. R.

DAYTON CHAPTER, Dayton, Ohio, was organized on February 4, 1896, at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Silas R. Burns. The charter members are: Mrs. Frances Sherwood Achey, Mrs. Emma Thompson Beaver, Mrs. Louise Devereux Burns, Mrs. Hanna Follett Clark, Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover, Mrs. Jessie Leech Davisson, Mrs. Anne Mathiot Dorsey, Mrs. Mary Davidson Gebhart, Mrs. Martha Tucker Hawes, Mrs. Flora Lewis Hughes-Hodge, Mrs. Louise Achey Kennedy, Mrs. Harriet Snyder King, Mrs. Hettie Mason Hooker Lytle, Mrs. Sara Jerome Patrick, Mrs. Mary Colby Thresher, Mrs. Anna Kimmel Welliver, Mrs. Sarah Dechert Young. These have since joined the Chapter: Miss America Andrews, Miss Mary Davies Steele, Miss Agnes C. Steele, Mrs. Belle Mitchell Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder Stilwell. The Chapter has lost one member by death, Mrs. Hettie Mason Hooker Lytle, April 18, 1896.

The Chapter is named for General Jonathan Dayton, a

revolutionary soldier and statesman of distinction and one of founders of the city of Dayton. This is Dayton's centennial year. On March 29 the Daughters gave a service at the Third Street Presbyterian church to commemorate the founding of the city. A large audience enjoyed the fine music and patriotic addresses. The church was handsomely decorated with palms and the national colors. Our State Regent, Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, was with us and spoke briefly about the Daughters of the American Revolution, their purposes and the work they have accomplished.

The morning following this service, at the Chapter meeting, the State Regent presented a gold spoon to Mrs. Anne Dorsey, who is a daughter of a revolutionary soldier. Mrs. Dorsey is eighty-five years of age and still a beautiful woman with snow white hair and kindly face. The Dayton Chapter is proud of having two star members in its charter membership. Unfortunately Mrs. Hannah Follett Clark, ninety-two years of age, was unable to be present at the meeting, but her spoon was sent to her with a letter of greeting from the Chapter.

The Chapter was given permission by council to take some steps toward improving Van Cleve Park, Dayton's one historic spot; the scene of Indian battles before the Revolution and the landing place of the first settlers.

In April the park was a barren piece of ground without one tree or shrub. The Chapter influenced the Board of City Affairs to grade the ground and make walks. The high school, nurserymen and private individuals contributed trees and shrubs and flowers. Grass seed was sown and the planting done under the supervision of the Daughters. The rainy season has been most fortunate for the transplanted trees, which are doing finely. The Daughters have placed a man in charge who gives it daily attention. The first house built in Dayton is in this park. It is a picturesque old cabin, surrounded by an old stake and wicker fence. Now that the fence is covered with vines and the cabin surrounded by old-fashioned shrubs and flowers, it is already a place of interest and pride to Daytonians, and the Daughters are proud of what they have accomplished in the first six months of their existence.

The officers of the Dayton Chapter, appointed by the Regent,

Mrs. S. R. Burns, are: Mrs. M. O. Hawes, Vice-Regent; Registrar, Mrs. I. M. Patrick; Historian, Mrs. Ambrose Hodge; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. W. King; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Welliver; Chaplain, Mrs. G. C. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mrs. F. P. Beaver.—FLORA L. H. HODGE, *Historian*.

DOROTHY QUINCY HANCOCK CHAPTER (Greenfield, Massachusetts).—On the 24th of June our charter meeting was held at the home of the Regent, Mrs. A. C. Deane. The Chapter organized with sixteen charter members, two life members and two real daughters. The visiting Regents were entertained by our Regent with a delightful rose luncheon. At three o'clock the charter and life members assembled in the drawing-rooms of the Regent to receive their charter. The Regent was seated in a real John Hancock chair, loaned for the occasion by Judge Fessenden. After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" the Regent, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Mrs. Brown, Regent of Springfield Chapter, who presented the charter. Greetings were then received from the Northampton and Easthampton Chapters. A short sketch of Madam Hancock was read by the Secretary; Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem Dorothy L. was also read by one of the members. A letter from one of Madam Hancock's descendants was read by the Regent as was also a letter from Mr. Swartz relating to Hancock relics in his possession. A rosewood gavel was presented to the Chapter by the Secretary. Great regret was expressed that the two real daughters, Mrs. Prudence Barnard Smith and Mrs. Maria Avery Daniels Pike, were unable to be there to receive, in person, the gold spoons sent them by the General Society. Their pictures, as was also Madam Hancock's, were sent by friends. The following letters were received from the real daughters, but too late to be read at the meeting:

SHATTUCKVILLE, MASS., July 11, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Dean: I write to thank you through whose agency I received the beautiful souvenir spoon, have taken great pride and pleasure in showing it to my friends and it is much admired by all. I regret my inability to attend the late meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution and trust it was a pleasant occasion to all who were present. With kind regards, I am yours sincerely,

MARIA A. PIKE.

Mrs. Pike is ninety-four years old.

COLRAIN, June 29, 1896.

Dear Mrs. Deane: I was much pleased to receive an invitation to meet with the Daughters of the American Revolution at your house last week. I think I should have enjoyed the meeting exceedingly but circumstances beyond my control prevented, but was almost overwhelmed with surprise and pleasure when I received the memorial in form of a golden spoon with its lovely and appropriate inscriptions and representations. What could be nicer? I esteem it quite an honor to have my name enrolled with those who realize the virtues and the trials and hardships endured by our ancestors to secure the blessings that we now enjoy. I thank you very much for the kind interest you have taken and shall hold in grateful remembrance the token of interest in the heroes of the Revolution by the Society. Yours sincerely,

MRS. PRUDENCE B. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith is ninety-two years old. After the singing of "America" the remainder of the afternoon was spent in a social manner.—EDITH AUGUSTA STRATTON, *Secretary*.

ONEIDA CHAPTER.—The annual meeting of the Oneida Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the election of officers took place on the afternoon of June 8 in the Porter Memorial Building, Utica. Eighty-one members of the present total of one hundred and forty-one were present. Reports were read by the Secretary, Miss Sarah G. Wood, by Miss Gridley for Miss Curran, the Treasurer; by Mrs. Swan, the Registrar, and by Mrs. Proctor, the Historian. Miss Wood's report was very full and interesting, embracing the chief events of the year, viz: The celebration of Chapter Day, in commemoration of the battle of Oriskany (which celebration for convenience took place on October 9, 1895; the lecture by Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner on December 11, 1895; the Chapter meeting in January, 1896, to consider amendments to the constitution; the sad and unexpected death of Mrs. John B. Wood, a member of the Chapter, and a near relative to all those instrumental in founding it; the awarding of prizes to scholars in the public schools for essays on "The Mohawk Valley During the Revolution," and "Lafayette," in March; the quarterly meeting on April 13; the address by Hon. Edmund A. Wetmore on April 18; and an informal meeting of State Regents and delegates on June 3-4, the time and place having been approved by Miss Forsyth, the State Regent.

Mrs. Swan reported the increase of membership during the year as fifty-two. There are seven admission papers now in Washington. The ancestor on whose records members have entered include soldiers in the battle of Oriskany, soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill, one of the twenty-five hundred picked men who crossed the Delaware with Washington, and seven colonels, besides lesser officers, and many others who took prominent parts in the Revolution. The Historical Committee, besides arranging for the various programmes and lectures through the year, has been associated with the distribution of the school prizes, has presented a petition to the Mayor and Common Council of Utica to have the name of Fayette street restored to Lafayette, which was given it in honor of General Lafayette, who passed through it in June, 1824, and have presented another request to the officers of the Savings Bank, situated on the corner of Lafayette street, that the Society be allowed to put up a tablet on its wall commemorating Lafayette's visit and the naming of the street. Both these requests have been granted, and the signs on Lafayette street have already been altered. After these reports were read the following officers were elected, Mrs. Dimon presiding, and Mrs. Wynhoop, Miss Griffith, and Miss Watson acting as tellers: Regent, Mrs. Willis E. Ford (by a unanimous vote); Vice-Regent, Mrs. S. W. Crittenden; Secretary, Miss Sarah G. Wood; Registrar, Miss Sophia D. Bagg; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude D. Curran; Historian, Mrs. Wallace Clarke.

Resolutions were passed of appreciation to the trustees of the Utica City Library for the additions to the genealogical and historical departments in the library, and of congratulatory greeting to the Fort Stanwix Chapter, of Rome, New York, which, organized only in January, now numbers over fifty members. The meeting was then adjourned.

ST. PAUL CHAPTER.—A memorable occasion was the meeting of St. Paul Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the Town and Country Club Wednesday, June 17, to observe the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Not only the St. Paul Chapter, but the Nathan Hale Chapter, the officers of the Minneapolis

and Colonial Chapters of Minneapolis, and other representatives of patriotic orders, were the guests of the Regent of the St. Paul Chapter, Mrs. Delos A. Monfort.

After the customary preliminary opening exercises the Historian, Miss Greene, read the names of the twenty-seven members of the St. Paul Chapter whose ancestors participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, and gave some interesting circumstances in connection with the event. This was followed by an eloquent address, commemorative of the day, by Prof. Maria L. Sanford, of the University of Minnesota. Words of congratulation and good fellowship were extended by Mrs. Newport, State Regent, the Minneapolis Societies, Mrs. McWilliams, Regent Nathan Hale Chapter, and Mrs. Forster, President Children's Society. The societies of the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Colonial Wars were represented by Bishop M. H. Gilbert, Rev. E. C. Mitchel, Dr. E. P. Ingersoll, General Brooke, General Mason, and Mr. Rukard Hurd, who extended pleasant words of greeting. The programme was enlivened with patriotic songs, led by Seibert's orchestra. Adjournment was followed by a reception, where the picturesque surroundings, gay costumes, music, and refreshments formed a fitting finale to a most successful entertainment.—JULIA FRENCH METCALF, *Secretary*.

COLUMBIA CHAPTER of the city of Washington was formed April, 1894. The name being given the Chapter by Mrs. Elizabeth Chenoweth Sloan, one of the charter members. We now number forty-seven, among the number are the wives of the professors of Columbia College, one or two journalists and many ladies of rare culture, two wives of prominent clergymen in the District, also two honorary members, Miss Mildred Lee and Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris. During the past year we have secured a charter and Miss Chenoweth formed as an adjunct of the Chapter a Children of the American Revolution Society, which she named in honor of her great-grandmother, the Hannah Cromwell Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Mrs. Sloan originated and organized the Choral Society of the Children of the American Revolution, bringing out on February 22 the chorus of children of all the

Societies of the city, which did honor to the work bestowed upon it, and was the recipient of many compliments on the beauty of the idea. The meetings of the Chapter are always interesting, papers being read that proved very profitable and instructive. Our Historian, Mrs. Coleman, holds in her possession documents that show the work of the members of the Chapter to be above the average; one read by Mrs. Scribner, on the history of our flag; one by Mrs. Sloan, one on the origin of the English language. We have had two discussions during the winter, subjects, "Are we as patriotic as our revolutionary sires?" "Do international marriages effect our patriotism?" These were very ably discussed, bringing out some very amusing thoughts. The ladies participating in the discussion being Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hartsock and others. At the April meeting Miss Chenoweth was elected Regent, Mrs. Pollard Vice-Regent. We closed the year with a tea given at the home of the Regent, Miss Chenoweth, in honor of Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, President General. All the members of the Columbia Chapter are loyal Daughters of the American Revolution.—MRS. ELIZABETH CHENOWETH SLOAN, *Corresponding Secretary*.

SENECA CHAPTER (Geneva, New York) gave a beautiful reception in Collins' Music Hall on the evening of July 4. The hall was tastefully decorated, the ladies charming and altogether the affair a grand success. There was a profusion of red, white, and blue flowers, a huge blue and white vase containing red and white double hollyhocks and blue clematis upon the platform, and upon each table a charming arrangement of corn flowers and red and white verbenas in star-shaped forms. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion, and other patriotic societies were present. The Rev. Dr. Nelson made a most appropriate and interesting address, which was followed by the reading of an excellent paper on the subject of "Flags," by Mrs. Philip Norborne Nicholas. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton then gave the company a short, bright address. The exercises were interspersed with patriotic songs, in which the guests joined. From time to time cooling drinks, ices, and delicious cake were served, and the efforts of the ladies were well

rewarded if they were satisfied with the hearty appreciation of all present. The younger ones longed to have a "Hop" after the exercises were over, but no such luck was granted them, and the happy party dispersed at the sober hour of ten.—ELIZA CHESTER ATWOOD, *Historian*.

CRAWFORD COUNTY (Pennsylvania) CHAPTER observed the the seventy-fifth anniversary of Lafayette's visit to Meadville, June 2, which has been adopted as a Chapter holiday, by an outing to Cambridge, the popular mineral springs resort, fourteen miles distant. A regular meeting of the Chapter was held in the Casino of the Riverside Hotel. A message of greeting was received from the State Regent, Mrs. Hogg. A brilliant instrumental duet was performed by Mesdames J. W. and S. B. Smith. It was reported by the Secretary, Dr. Susan F. Rose, that she had taken methods to obtain a complete list of the revolutionary soldiers buried in this county, and that the names and burial places of twenty-one had already been ascertained.

A most delightful and instructive talk on Lafayette was given by Mrs. J. S. Malone. The following original song, written for the occasion by Mrs. Sarah E. Sennett, was sung to the air Yankee Doodle, all the Daughters joining in the chorus:

When Lafayette came to our town,
Our mothers were but young then,
Each maiden donned her prettiest gown
And clear his praises sung then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again,
Who drew his ready sword, dears,
To free our land in George's reign
From England's tyrant word, dears.

Full fifty years before what wrong
Was heaped upon our kin, when
Uprising all against the strong
They vowed to freedom win then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.
And Lafayette, almost a lad,
Might well have dwelt in ease, when

His heart such pity for us had
He started 'cross the seas then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.

He left his home, wife, babe, and gave
Love, youth, and wealth, his store then,
To Freedom's cause beyond the wave,
To Freedom's cause tried sore then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.

'Twas in our darkest hour of need
He stepped upon our shore, when
The fainting patriots by his deed
Felt courage spring once more then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.

You know the story, how he stood
By Washington and fought when
At Brandywine they met in blood
The foe upon the field then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.

His bravery, wounds, and whole course through,
The long and weary strife men
Each morn, for years, began anew—
But Liberty with life then!

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.

Our Country! her's the right to name,
Dominion, place and power—when
May she ever loose the claim
Of those who won her dower then?

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again, etc.

Oh, Lafayette! the gen'rous, good,
To thee while memory stays then,
America shall pour a flood
Of gratitude and praise then.

CHORUS.—For Lafayette was come again,
Who drew his ready sword, dears,
To free our land, in George's reign,
From England's tyrant word, dears.

A sumptuous dinner was served, the Regent, Mrs. Emma S. Merwin, presiding. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with flags, and the tables were adorned with tri-colored ribbon and with ferns, roses, and pansies.—S. JOSEPHINE BATES, *Historian*.

A NOTABLE event in our social circles was a "Patriotic Tea" on Saturday afternoon, January 19, at Mrs. Woodward's elegant winter home, "Shawondasee," at the foot of Lake Maitland, Florida, given in honor of her daughter Mrs. Erastus Gaylord Putnam, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. The occasion grew out of the fact that Mrs. Putnam is Regent of Boudinot Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and never loses an opportunity to do good missionary for the Order wherever she goes. The programme was quite interesting, being headed by "Freedom's Banner," sung in patriotic style by a quartette of young ladies. Mrs. Putnam then read her paper on the rise and progress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, written in a most entertaining style, and while dealing with historical facts and figures, presented them in such a manner as to win frequent and hearty applause. She traced the organization from its earliest inception to its present ample proportions and influential position, and inspired all who heard her with a desire to take up the good work in earnest. After the singing of "America," the venerable and eminent Bishop H. B. Whipple, of Minnesota, a Son of the Revolution, whose grandfather was confined on board the notorious Jersey prisonship, made a very fine address, at the close presenting Mrs. Putnam a relic of Continental money: "Bill of Three Shillings, Dated March 25, 1776. Burlington, New Jersey. To counterfeit is death." The quartette then rendered "Jonathan's Tea Party" to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Then came the "Colonial tea," served by Madame Woodward with genuine old-time courtesy. This beautiful old lady, called by Bishop Whipple "the Queen of Maitland," wore her three medals of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mary Washington Monument Association, and Colonial Dames of America. All present were lavish in their praise of the arrangements for an afternoon so full of patriotic inspiration.—S. H.

MERION CHAPTER is still prosperous and is meeting with an encouraging degree of success. On January 7, 1896, Merion Chapter adopted resolutions advocating the "Trailing Arbutus" of Valley Forge as the "National Flower." Miss

Margaret B. Harvey, who started the "National Flower agitation," read from her volume of poems the now-famous, original national flower poem, "Valley Forge Arbutus," with a true history of the movement up to the date. A copy of the resolutions was sent to every Chapter in the thirteen original States. Delaware County Chapter was the first to respond.

On the same date Merion Chapter renewed its protest against the proposed removal of the remains of General W. S. Hancock from Norristown, Pennsylvania, to Arlington, Virginia. It was General Hancock's own wish to rest near the home of his childhood. Mrs. Peter J. Hughes, Corresponding Secretary, was instructed to write to Mr. Hilary B. Hancock, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, brother of General Hancock, asking for his opinion in the matter. Mr. Hancock has since written to Mrs. Hughes that he is unalterably opposed to the removal of his brother's remains.

The first annual meeting of Merion Chapter was held in the guild hall of St. Asaph's church, Bala, through the courtesy of Rev. Frederick Burgess. Officers were reelected as follows: Regent, Mrs. J. M. Munyon; Vice-Regent, Mrs. J. G. Walker; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. E. Nock; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Peter J. Hughes; Treasurer, Mrs. S. T. Jones; Registrar, Mrs. Beulah Harvey Whilldin; Historian, Miss Margaret B. Harvey; Board of Management, Miss Ellen J. Heston, Miss Mary E. Harding, Miss Hannah Wynne Compton, Mrs. Julia Harvey Swope, Mrs. Marguerite Wynne Maxwell. A vote of thanks was passed to Magistrate Peter J. Hughes for his gift to the Chapter of a set of "Pennsylvania Archives." Miss Margaret B. Harvey presented to the Chapter her "National Flower Exhibit," a painting of the "Trailing Arbutus," mingled with flags and laurel leaves, which have been exhibited in the Woman's Building at the Atlanta Exposition. (A delegation from Merion Chapter had visited Atlanta. This delegation consisted of Mrs. J. M. Munyon, Mrs. Peter J. Hughes, Mrs. Beulah Harvey Whilldin, Miss Ellen J. Heston, Miss Mary E. Harding.)

On February 11 Merion Chapter made an historic pilgrimage to visit Betsy Ross's house, Christ church, Carpenter's Hall, and Independence Hall, Philadelphia. In Betsy Ross's house

the ladies learned to cut a five-pointed star with one clip of the scissors, as Betsy Ross had done. They were taught by Miss Olga Albrecht, a niece of the late Mrs. Amelia Mund, the last owner of the house. Mrs. Mund had been taught by an old gentleman who remembered Mrs. Ross.

On February 16, 1896, a four-column cut of the group picture of Merion Chapter's charter members appeared in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. All the ladies were in Martha Washington costume, which is much more effective and becoming in reality than can be shown in a photograph.

In April Merion Chapter took up the study of the "Flora of Lower Merion" and vicinity. The Schuylkill Valley is the classic botanical locality of the North American continent, the scene of the early explorations of Bartram, Kalm, Michaux, Nuttall, Barton, Muhlenberg, and others. Such work is essentially patriotic, as it leads to love of country.

On April 17 Merion Chapter held a "National Flower Tea" in an old stone house adjoining Lower Merion Friends' meeting house, and built the same year, 1695. On one occasion Washington slept in this house. The decorations were trailing arbutus mingled with foliage of American laurel. The Chapter was fortunate in securing a fine collection of colonial china, silver, pewter, and linen. Mrs. Clement A. Griscom, Vice-President General, was one of the distinguished guests. Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, County Regent for Montgomery County and Regent of Valley Forge Chapter, was also present. Members of the Chapter appeared in Martha Washington costume. A delightful informal programme was carried out. Mrs. J. G. Walker made a felicitous opening address as she held up the Chapter's gavel, made of a piece of the original floor of Merion meeting house. Mrs. Peter J. Hughes gave several banjo solos. Miss Margaret B. Harvey read her new arbutus poem, "Ballad of Freedom's Bloom."

On May 11 Merion Chapter held a "Betsy Ross Sewing Circle" at the residence of Mrs. Deborah M. Cresswell, Merion. The charter members started a "Betsy Ross flag," with thirteen stars. As the Chapter was started with thirteen members each member cut a star. The first star was cut by the "Star member," Mrs. Louisa Heston Paxson, aged ninety-five,

Merion Chapter's "living daughter." The twelve charter members sewed the seams of the stripes. "Sewing Circles" were also held at the residence of Mrs. Moses Veale and at the residence of Mrs. Stephen Paullin May 18 and May 25. The new members of the Chapter, including Mrs. Moses Veale, Mrs. Stephen Paullin, Mrs. Deborah M. Cresswell, and Mrs. George J. De Armond, started an "Ann King flag," in memory of another flag-maker, who lived at the same time as Betsy Ross. Mrs. Louisa Heston Paxson also cut the first star for this flag. The "Ann King flag" will be about six feet long, the "Betsy Ross" eight. Bunting is the material used. The white cashmere used in the stars is the gift of Mrs. Julia Harvey Swope, who gave it as a memorial of her little daughter, Minnie, who would have been a Revolutionary Daughter if she had lived. Minnie died when two years of age. The white cashmere had been intended for a little dress, but it had never been cut.

On May 19 Merion Chapter visited Lafayette's Crossing on the Schuylkill near Conshohocken. This was the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the day when Lafayette retreated from Barren Hill, outwitting Howe, the day after the Meschianza. Lafayette encamped on the hills of Lower Merion near Merion Square. The eastern side of the crossing has since been marked by a memorial stone reared by the Montgomery County Historical Society. Merion Chapter hopes to mark the western side at some future time. The Chapter made the trip in an omnibus, proceeding from Merion meeting house down the Gulph Road to Mill Creek, thence through Merion Square, reaching the Schuylkill at the Soapstone Quarry. On their return, the pilgrims passed through Ardmore and took in the "Old Dutch Church," where a number of revolutionary patriots are buried.

Merion Chapter prepared a list of revolutionary patriots buried in Lower Merion in time to have such list published in the *Bryn Mawr Home News* of May 29, 1896. Such list was necessarily incomplete, but by patient research the last resting places of seventy-five patriots were discovered. These were in St. Paul's Lutheran Cemetery (Old Dutch Church), Ardmore; Lower Merion Baptist Cemetery, near Bryn Mawr; Harriton

family cemetery ; Bicking family cemetery, Mill Creek ; Lower Merion Friends' Burying Ground ; and West Laurel Hill Cemetery. Requests were sent to Cavalry Post, Philadelphia, and Owen Jones Post, Bryn Mawr, Grand Army of the Republic, that these graves might be appropriately decorated on Memorial Day, which was done.

On June 2 Merion Chapter held an open meeting in the guild hall of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, Lower Merion. The general public had been invited and a good audience was in attendance. The hall was gaily decorated with flags, bunting, green branches, and roses. A spinning wheel was conspicuously displayed. The Chapter gave a fine historic, literary, and musical programme. The Chapter Choral sang for the first time the Chapter hymn, set to the Welsh hymn tune "Mear," and the Chapter song set to the Welsh air "March of the men of Harlech." The verses were composed by Miss Margaret B. Harvey. Major Moses Veale delivered a patriotic address. The hall was secured through the courtesy of Rev. Henry A. F. Hoyt, the same who conducted the patriotic service on last Thanksgiving Day.

On June 9 Mrs. Clement A. Griscom entertained the national officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution at her beautiful home, "Dolobran," near Haverford. The officers of Merion Chapter were invited to meet the national officers and the Philadelphia Chapter. Mrs. Griscom's magnificent domain is in Lower Merion township, Merion Chapter's territory. Merion Chapter's members were proud to know that the distinguished guests would have an opportunity to see for themselves the transcendent sylvan beauties of Pennsylvania's far-famed Welsh tract. As to the charms of Mrs. Griscom as a hostess, and the ideal success of her entertainment, these are fruitful themes of themselves.

On June 19 Merion Chapter made an historic pilgrimage to Valley Forge, where the members were delightfully entertained by Valley Forge Chapter. An elegant picnic luncheon was served under the apple trees back of Washington's headquarters. Chester County Chapter was represented by Mrs. Abner Hoopes, Regent, and Mrs. J. T. Rothrock. The guests were received by Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, County Regent for Mont-

gomery County and Regent of Valley Forge Chapter. Other guests was members of the Valley Forge Centennial and Memorial Association, and the Patriotic Order Sons of America. There was speechmaking and interchange of sentiments, and all the ladies and gentlemen present expressed themselves as having had a delightful and profitable time.

Merion Chapter was represented at the grand national celebration at Saratoga, July 4, by Miss Florence Heston Jones and Miss Ellen J. Heston. This was the only Chapter in Southeastern Pennsylvania represented. These ladies came home filled with patriotic inspiration, and regretted that every member had not been present.

Some months ago Mrs. Peter J. Hughes made the suggestion that Sequoia Chapter, San Francisco, plant thirteen trees in Golden Gate Park, to represent the thirteen original States. Said trees to be planted in a semi-circle or arch, with Pennsylvania's tree for the keystone. Each State to send a tree from some historic spot, with earth from other historic localities to be placed about the roots. Sequoia Chapter has voted to adopt this suggestion, provided the Chapters in the thirteen original States coöperate. The tree planting is expected to take place October 10, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. Valley Forge Chapter will send Pennsylvania's tree. Merion Chapter has already sent parcels of historic earth from nearly every revolutionary locality in the vicinity of Philadelphia. New York will send a tree from Saratoga; Massachusetts, an elm from Concord Bridge.

Merion Chapter celebrated Welsh "Forefathers' Day" August 14, the two hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the arrival of the "Ship Lyon" on the Schuylkill, bringing the first company of Welsh colonists to Merion. A small company of patriotic women met at Pencoyd and drafted a letter to be sent to the president of Fairmount Park Steamboat Company asking that a steamboat be named the "Lyon" in memory of the historic vessel. The letter was signed Dora Harvey Munyon, Rebecca Longstreth Walker, Gertrude Harvey Hughes, Emma L. Nock, Florence Heston Jones, Beulah Harvey Whilldin, Margaret B. Harvey, Mary E. Harding, Marguerite Wynne Maxwell, Elizabeth W. De Armond, Julia Harvey

Swope, Hannah Wynne Compton, Alice M. Rothermel, D. M. Cresswell. In reply, Mr. P. A. Dempsey, superintendent of the company, says that they will build a new boat next year which they will probably name the "Lyon."

Merion Chapter will erect a memorial stone on September 14 next to mark the place where Washington encamped September 14, 1777, on his way to Paoli. The ground is just above Merion meeting house. A small tract upon which to erect the stone has been presented to the Chapter by Samuel R. McDowell. The memorial stone will be a rough granite pillar, four feet high, with one smooth face for inscription. It will be dedicated with elaborate programme. The "Betsy Ross flag" will be used to drape the stone. Battery A, National Guard of Pennsylvania, will fire a salute. Major Moses Veale, United States Army, will deliver a patriotic oration. The general public is invited, and it is expected that a great crowd will be present. A number of distinguished guests will attend.—GERTRUDE HARVEY HUGHES, *Corresponding Secretary*.

HENDRICK HUDSON CHAPTER.—Miss Elizabeth Wendell Van Rensselaer, member of Hendrick Hudson Chapter, of Hudson, New York, gave a charming reception to the members of the Chapter May 30. Miss Van Rensselaer belongs to the Claverack or elder branch of the Fort Crailo or Greenbush Van Rensselaers, this branch being a younger branch of the family itself, and she is of the eighth generation in this country. Her collection of priceless heirlooms was shown the Chapter members and contained one hundred and ten pieces of old Dutch china, age unknown, but used in the fort, which was built in 1642, and afterwards buried during the Revolution. Other old family china over one hundred years old was of rare and beautiful Chinese and Wedgewood wares. The linen is very numerous, table cloths, sheets, bed spreads, pillow cases, towels, dozens of each, much of which stood in an unopened trunk for sixty years, from 1806 to 1866, and all bridal linen marked with the bride's initials and dating from 1693 to 1798. They were the property of: 1. Rachel Cuyler, married, 1693, Myn-dert Schuyler. 2. Anna, daughter of above, married, 1715,

Johannes De Peyster. 3. Anna, daughter of above, married, 1742, Volkert P. Douw. 4. Rachel, daughter of above, married, 1765, Col. Henry I. Van Rensselaer, of Claverack Manor. 5. Elizabeth (daughter of Harmanus Wendell and Catharine Van Rensselaer) married John, son of above and grandfather of Miss Van Rensselaer. A teatable, cup, saucer and gown of Anna (daughter of Jeremiah Van Rensselaer), who married William Nicoll in 1690, were interesting. Great interest for the loyal Daughters also centered in the chair and sword of Colonel Henry I. Van Rensselaer, of Claverack Battalion, the sword worn at Saratoga, a beautiful sideboard, chest of drawers, and two tables are pre-revolutionary; four caned chairs date from 1765, and a beautiful kase (Dutch linen press), settee, six chairs, and a French clock from 1650. The old Dutch silver, which was buried at Claverack Manor during the Revolution, contained two teapots, tankard, stand, mug, and three or four dozen spoons, tongs, etc., some as old as 1690. Besides these articles there were fans, shell combs, jewelry, spreads, testers, quilts, baby clothes worn in 1768, a satin christening blanket used since 1768; dresses, shawls, laces, Bibles, books, pictures, and papers all used before the Revolution and some of them very old. Miss Van Rensselaer represents the oldest and most prominent Dutch families of the State, and her collection of heirlooms is as fine as those often collected from many sources for a "Loan Exhibition."

BENNINGTON CHAPTER.—The ladies who compose the Bennington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated their annual fete day August 16, in a very pleasant manner. A reception was given them at the attractive home of the Vice-Regent, Mrs. L. F. Abbott, from four to six p. m. About thirty ladies were present. The musical and literary entertainment was enjoyed by all. Miss Abbott sang the "Star Spangled Banner" in a most pleasing manner. Miss Valentine read an interesting and instructive paper concerning the early history of Vermont. Mrs. S. H. Blackmer read a selection—a poem. This was followed by "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," sung by Miss Abbott. Interest was caused by the Regent, Mrs. H. I. Norton, who called upon

the ladies to give their reasons why they belonged to the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Jesse Burdett, State Regent, was the first who gave her experience. A tempting collation was served. The rooms were decorated with flags and sweet with flowers. All passed off in a manner most satisfactory to the members of the Chapter and the few invited guests who were present. The ladies have decided to make earnest efforts during the coming year toward the erection of a State Historical Museum for the preservation of the many valuable relics with which the town and State abound. The building will be fire-proof and will doubtless be erected near the Battle Monument, possibly upon the site of the State House which Colonel Baum did not capture August 16, 1777.—KATHERINE J. HUBBELL.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER.—On April 14, the John Marshall Chapter met with Mrs. T. A., MacGregor. Some months ago a prize of a five dollar gold coin was offered by the Chapter for the best original essay to be written by a pupil of the city public schools. This prize was won by Master William Rumsey Kinney, of the Third ward school, and his subject was the "Battle of Trenton." This essay was read and approved by the Chapter. The ladies were delightfully entertained with music by our hostess's lovely daughter, Miss Mathilde, and by Mrs. John Parker and Mrs. Maggie Ward Bell, two of our "Daughters;" after which a delicious luncheon was served.

May 9, the Chapter was entertained by Mrs. J. W. McCarty at her home in the suburbs. The day was perfectly lovely.

The house was beautifully decorated with bunting, flags, and flowers. Resolutions of sympathy and regrets were expressed by the Chapter on the death of one of our members and also an honorary Regent, Mrs. Fanny Thurston Ballard, who died in Vienna, Austria, in April last. Mrs. Ballard entered the Daughters of the American Revolution on five ancestors, was descended from the "Fighting Parson," of Virginia, Charles Minn Thurston, also of the Churchill and Oldham families. Truly a lovely and estimable gentlewoman. It was decided by the ladies to have the duplicate eligibility papers bound so that they would be better preserved. After a repast the ladies spent

a pleasant hour on the lawn. Mrs. Laura Talbot Ross, Chaplain of the Society, and Mrs. McCarty, Historian, both read historical papers; Mrs. Ross on her ancestor, Isham Talbot, Mrs. McCarty on Colonel Charles Scott, a revolutionary soldier and Governor of Kentucky.—MRS. J. W. MCCARTY, *Historian*.

BELOIT CHAPTER.—A most delightful gathering was held at the home of Mrs. G. L. Cole to organize a Beloit Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. James Peck, of Milwaukee, State Regent, was present, and by request presided at the meeting. Many matters of interest were discussed. Mrs. G. L. Cole having been appointed Regent by the National Society in April, the following additional officers were elected: Vice-Regent, Mrs. P. B. Yates; Secretary, Miss E. V. Todd; Treasurer, Mrs. W. M. Brittan; Registrar, Mrs. E. P. Hausen; Historian, Miss Sarah Wheeler. The Chapter, which is the fourth to be organized in the State, starts with the constitutional number of charter members with quite a number of applications to be perfected.

The hall and parlors were artistically decorated with flags and red, white, and blue ribbon; the same idea was also prettily carried out in floral decorations. After the business was completed tea was served to the guests, about twenty-five in all. A little silk flag beside each name card kept one in mind of the occasion as well as a bunch of red and white carnations tied with blue ribbon. The same color scheme was very cleverly carried out with each course, and every one present was more than pleased to be counted among the members of the Chapter so auspiciously organized.

Mrs. Peck is a very pleasant lady to meet and told much about the Society, its aims and working in other places, and did much through her suggestions and ideas to start the Chapter out with the enthusiasm necessary to make it a success.

Much credit is due Mrs. Cole for her labors which have been untiring in the work preliminary to the organization. It is necessary in order to become a member of the Society to be a lineal descendant from one who rendered actual service to the country at the time of the Revolutionary War and to prove it by proper credentials.

ASTENROGEN CHAPTER.—Friday morning, June 5, an informal gathering of the members of the Astenrogen Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Little Falls, was held at the home of the Regent, Miss Clara Hale Rawdon, in honor of the State Regent, Miss Forsyth. The exceedingly warm weather did not prevent a large attendance of the Daughters, all of them being present except three. The guests from out of town were Mrs. H. G. Munger, Mrs. J. D. Henderson, Miss Male Wood, and Mrs. W. C. Prescott, from Herkimer; and Mrs. Frey, Miss Frey, and Mrs. Beach, from Palatine Bridge. Miss Forsyth gave a very interesting address and spoke of the occasion that had called them together, the presentation of the charter. She said it gave her great pleasure to be present, and to see so much interest manifested, complimenting the Regent on her energy and perseverance. Miss Rawdon accepted the charter in behalf of the Chapter, and said:

Madam, our State Regent, and Members Astenrogen Chapter: Amid the vexations and disappointments attending the formation of most societies there is generally, I think, to those most interested, one bright hope, which is never lost, like a golden thread in a somber fabric, or the beacon which shining afar guides through the gloom and past the breakers when sorely discouraged we feel inclined to let go the helm, and drift, making shipwreck of the work ardently undertaken, and so I think you may understand something of my feeling, when I tell you this morning brings the realization of that which has cheered me when most disheartened, the firm hope that we, as a Chapter, honored by the presence of our State Regent, might receive this charter from her gracious hand. Madam Regent, in the name of Astenrogen Chapter, I receive it, more to us now, that it has by you been so graciously bestowed than it otherwise would have been. This charter, bears the pictured face of Mary Washington, a constant reminder of the great truth that woman's influence in the home is a potent factor in purifying the politics of our beloved land, by, early instilling into the youthful minds that the country's welfare, not individual advancement, is the great principle involved. The names engraven below, show to the world that in this city and vicinity were enough women "proud of their heritage" and anxious to demonstrate the fact by united definite action in this great cause. The signature of President General, Registrar General, and the seal and ribbon of the National Society, attest that we, too, are now a vital party in this great organization.

And while we rejoice let us not forget her whose hope was to see the harvest garnered from the seed she planted; one who in the midst of suffering questioned often of the progress made, never doubting, hope-

ful to the last ; one whose life work was early ended, and who this fine June morning quietly sleeps amid the fragrance of southern blossoms—the first Regent appointed in Little Falls, Mrs. Frank A. Willard.

Members of Astenrogen Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, let us see to it that we add to this great volume which is commanding the attention and interest of thousands, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Let us see to it, I repeat, that we add a Chapter on whose pages only noblest deeds shall be recorded. Let our motives be pure, our aims lofty ; let us be united in thought and action, our patriotism ever increasing. Then, and then only, will great results follow our work for "home and country, and for God." Then will deeds, not words, answer the oft repeated question, of what good is the "Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

Miss Rawdon's address was received with a great deal of enthusiasm. Refreshments were served and afterwards the guests from out of town were taken for a delightful drive about the city.—FRANCES M. C. PRESCOTT, *Historian*.



DR. SETH CAPRON.

[Written and read before the Milwaukee Chapter by Mrs. Louisa K. Capron Thiers, No. 10,844.]

DR. SETH CAPRON was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, September 23, 1762. He was the oldest son of Elisha, son of Jonathan, son of Banfield, the first Capron that came to America.

Banfield, with three boys about his own age, fourteen years, schoolmates, agreed together to leave their friends in England and come to this country. Finding a vessel about to sail they concealed themselves in the hold, with food enough for a few days, and sailed from Chester, Cheshire County, a seaport on the north of England, in the year 1674. When the vessel was about four days out they were discovered, and after some parley allowed to continue on the voyage.

He lived in Massachusetts until 1752, when he died at the age of ninety-two years, leaving a family of twelve children, six sons and six daughters. .

The great-great-grandson of Banfield, Seth Capron, was too young to be drafted when the war broke out, and too short in stature to pass inspection at muster. In 1781, at the time of his country's greatest peril, it is known that he managed, by elevating himself upon his toes, to pass the mustering officer, and so enlisted at the age of nineteen. He first served as private, afterwards as corporal in Colonel Shephard's regiment, and first heard the music of artillery at the siege of Newport,

attached to General Lafayette's corps of light infantry. It was there that a cannon ball, aimed at the General, grazed the top of his head.

He took part in the battle of White Plains, was then transferred to headquarters at West Point under Washington, where he served during the remainder of the war, commanding the barge that conveyed the "Father of his Country" to Elizabeth-town Point, where he was the last man to receive the General's benediction.

He then returned to his native town, Attleboro, where his father, Elisha Capron, owned a comfortable farm. About that time his father was induced to sell it and take his pay in continental money. A few days after the sale was closed the Government was declared bankrupt. The Script was worthless.

The young man then began the study of medicine with Dr. Bazeleel Mann, an eminent physician and man of letters of that day, who served his country during the war, his fellow-citizens having placed him upon the Committee of Safety, Correspondence, and Judiciary, services that the time of 1776 demanded of its best citizens.

Dr. Mann was the great-grandson of William Mann, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was grandson of Sir Charles Mann, of Kent County, England, knighted in 1625 for loyalty to his king, Charles I.

It may be well here to refer to the method of obtaining a medical profession in those days. There were but two schools of medicine in the country. The one at Harvard College, just established, and that at New Haven, organized in 1784. But by reason of the dangers and expense of traveling they were by no means well attended.

In general the medical education was such as the student could pick up by serving as an apprentice to some noted practitioner, which combined the duties of a student with many menial affairs. He ground the powders, mixed the pills, rode with the Doctor on his rounds, held the basin when the patient was bled, helped to adjust the plasters, sew wounds, and run with the vials of medicine from one end of town to the other. It was a white day when such a young man enjoyed the rare good fortune of dissecting a half putrid arm. So great, indeed,

was the difficulty of obtaining anatomical subjects that the medical school at Harvard College made a single body do duty for a whole year.

Under such circumstances the Doctor's knowledge was practical, and derived from personal experience rather than from books. The advantages of study were sparingly enjoyed. Few physicians boasted of a library of fifty volumes.

His apprenticeship ended, the student returned to his native town to assume the practice of medicine. At that period, with the exception of the minister and the judge, the doctor was the most important personage in the community. His genial face, his engaging manners, the sincerity with which he inquired after the carpenter's daughter, and the interest he took in the family of the poorest laborer made him the favorite for miles around. He knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmers' lads pulled off their hats to him and the girls dropped courtesies as he passed. Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness, were alike to him. He would ride ten miles in the darkest night over the worst of roads in a pelting storm to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman or attend a child in a fit.

The drugs were stowed away on the shelves of the village store, among heaps of shoes, Rohan hats, packages of seeds and flitches of bacon.

The physician was compelled to compound his own drugs, make his own tinctures and put up his own prescriptions. His saddle-bag was the only drug store within forty miles. Each spring the blood must be purified, the kidneys excited, and the damsel who fainted profusely bled. Large doses of senna and manna, and rhubarb and molasses taken daily. It is safe to say that more medicine was taken every year by the well than is now taken by the sick in the same time.

Water was denied the patient tormented with fever. In its stead was given a small quantity of clam juice. Mercury was taken until the lips turned blue and the gums fell away from the teeth.

The writer has a vivid recollection, when about eight years old, in a raging fever, pleading for water; the nurse handed the pitcher and the child satisfied her burning thirst. Her

brother, overhearing what was going on, rushed into the room exclaiming: "You will kill her," but it was too late.

Dr. Capron, having obtained his profession, entered upon the practice in 1789, first in Cumberland, Rhode Island, and married Eunice Mann, daughter of Dr. Bazeleel Mann, referred to before.

In 1806 he removed to Oneida County, New York, traveling across the country in his own carriage with his wife and four young sons—a long and tedious journey of five hundred miles. He located at Whitesboro, now a part of the city of Utica, then a small village composed of a few families of rare culture and refinement.

Here, by diligent attention to his profession, he secured a handsome competency.

Aside from his profession he took a great interest in manufacturing, thoroughly convinced that the establishment of manufactories, upon a permanent basis, was essential to the independence and prosperity of the country. He built the first cotton and afterwards the first woolen mill, it is said, in the United States, and laid the foundation of its present magnificent industries. Associated with him in this enterprise were Dewitt Clinton, Elisha Jenkins, and Francis Bloodgood, of Albany, New York.

In 1814, the youngest son being between ten and eleven years of age, the father fifty-five, mother fifty, there came a daughter into the family. At a time when everybody knew everybody else it caused no little excitement. Years afterwards a gentleman called, saying he was anxious to see the child "born out of due time," as he expressed it.

The parents had brought with them the New England customs and in a measure the religious beliefs prevalent at that time. If the doctor was held in great respect in old New England, what shall we say of the minister? In no other section of the country had religion so firm a hold upon the affections of the people. They looked upon the pastor with reverence and awe. He was to them a just man made perfect, a sure guide to truth.

Under such influences the mother hardly dare question his

teachings, but she did draw the line when he proclaimed from the pulpit that "Hell was paved with infants not a span long."

Dr. Capron was quite independent and advanced in his views, consequently discussions were frequent, not bitter, but decided. The children's almost daily intellectual food was different opinions upon such subjects as "original sin," "foreordination," "freedom of the will," &c., but the father's wise counsels and loving words, that always fell from his lips, made him the idol of his sons from youth to old age.

The mother ordered well her household, being a woman of strong intellect; she commanded, through a long life, the respect and love of all who knew her.

When Dr. Capron located in Oneida County the Indian in his paint and feathers lived in wigwams and roamed in the forests on the banks of the Mohawk. The writer well remembers seeing a tall Indian open the front door, stalk through the house, and without saying by your leave, help himself to a drink of water, clad in little else than a shirt collar and a pair of spurs.

There could have been no lunatic asylum in the first quarter of the present century. The insane roamed about the country at their will and were the terror of the children. The cry, "Mother Kimball is coming," would send every one, old and young, indoors, as she made frequent tramps through the town.

There were no stoves in those days, but large cavernous fireplaces, which took up half the side of a room, sending half the smoke into the room and half the heat up the chimney, as you enjoyed the sensation of roasting on one side and freezing on the other.

The cooking was done in pots and kettles on hooks hung on cranes over the fire.

Large brick ovens were built in beside the fireplace in the kitchen, in which the baking for the family was done once a week, on Saturday. Great pains were taken to prepare the wood, about three feet long, split fine and carefully dried. It took about two hours to heat the oven. In the meantime the housewife would prepare the beans, meat, bread, and pies. When the oven had attained the proper degree of heat the coals were removed with a long-handled iron shovel, at the risk of

the face, hands, and clothes. The beans and meat were first put in and the door closed for fifteen or twenty minutes, then the bread and pies. The beans and brown bread must be left in until Sunday morning breakfast, as no work could be done on the Sabbath, not a bed made from six o'clock Saturday until six Sunday night.

What a day of torture the Sabbath was to a child. To breathe was about all the privilege allowed them, unless it might be to look at the few cheerful pictures in the Bible, of Cain killing Abel, children eaten by bears, Daniel in the lion's den.

" No man without a fine
Dare walk the street,
Or at the tavern dine."

Dr. Capron removed to Walden, Orange County, New York, in 1823 in a canal boat from Utica to Albany, the Erie canal having been completed. It was thought to be a wonderful advance in the mode of traveling. So comfortable, if one got tired of the boat they could stop the boat, get out and walk on the bank, or tow-path, as it was called. From Albany to Newburgh, on the Hudson, by steamboat, ninety-five miles, it took two days and one night; on landing, as there were no wharves, you were sent on shore in a rowboat.

He resided in Walden until his death, September 4, 1835, after an eventful life of seventy-four years.

In a periodical of that day it was said of him: " He was a man of great integrity and moral worth, uncommon ardor, industry, and enterprise. Few have led more active lives, and few have accomplished more. His mild, persuasive manners, the honesty and goodness of his purposes, and the uniform correctness of his example gave him a wonderful influence over the villagers. Obedience followed his will as if he had been invested with absolute power. The village will long mourn for him as a father."

" Dust unto dust " and to his God
Earth has resigned the trust he gave,
Yet memory shrines the burial sod,
And marks it as the good man's grave.

LOUISA KIRWAN CAPRON THIERS.

COLONEL JOSEPH McDOWELL.

IN February, 1776, Joseph McDowell, Jr., young as he was, went in his brother's regiment—some accounts state as major—on the expedition against the Scotch Tories. In July the Cherokees burst upon the Catawba settlements, killing thirty-seven persons on the 10th and 11th of that month, and beleaguering a fort in which were Colonel and Major McDowell, with nine other men and a hundred and twenty women and children. The Indians were driven off.

Major McDowell served in the ensuing fall in his brother's regiment on Rutherford's campaign against the Cherokees in 1779, and on the Storm expedition early in 1780, after the Tories, sharing in the victory at Ransom's Mill—"the same Joseph McDowell," says the old pensioner, Joseph Dobson, "who was afterwards general."

He was next in service at Earle's Ford on Pacolet, at Musgrove's Mill, King's Mountain, and Cowpens. He served a tour in the spring of 1781 against Cornwallis. In August, 1781, and again in March, 1782, Major McDowell led expeditions, chastising the Cherokees, and in the fall of 1782 he commanded the Burke regiment on a campaign against the same troublesome tribe under the leadership of his brother, General McDowell.

Colonel McDowell and his cousin of the same name were both much engaged in the public service, the former distinguished from the latter while in the State Legislature by the appendage of "Jr." to his name. In Burke County they were familiarly known as "Quaker Meadow Joe" or "Congress Joe," and the other as "Pleasant Garden Joe."

Colonel McDowell, of the Quaker Meadows, and afterwards of John's River, served in the House of Commons in 1787, 1788, 1791, and 1792; and in 1788 he was a member of the State Convention for the consideration of the Federal Constitution. He served two terms in Congress, 1793-95, and 1797-99, taking an active part in the debates of that body against the Alien and Sedition laws and other Federal measures of that day. In 1797 he was a commissioner for running the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee. His death

occurred at his home of apoplexy, August 11, 1801, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and he was buried at the Quaker Meadows, where some rude stones and a large tree at the head of his grave mark the place of his repose.

He married Margaret, daughter of Colonel George Moffett, of Virginia, leaving two sons and six daughters.

"He was," says Moore, the North Carolina historian, "the recognized leader of the Republican party in the western counties and was eminent for his sagacious leadership in civil matters as he had been dauntless and successful in the late war. He was no inconsiderable an antagonist in debate, and throughout his life he was the idol of the western people of North Carolina. That it was Joseph McDowell, of Quaker Meadows, who commanded the Burke troops at King's Mountain, has been called in question, not by any of his associate heroes of the Revolutionary War, nor by the historians of the country, but chiefly by the descendant of his namesake cousin and brother-in-law of Pleasant Garden.

"Both having borne the same name, resided in the same county, and both having unquestionably served in that battle—the younger of Pleasant Garden, as a captain under his elder cousin—have lead to the confusion and mistake. The descendants of the captain who fought in the battle and brought home as trophies some of Ferguson's table set, still preserved in the family, have drawn therefrom the erroneous conclusions that he was the major who commanded the Burke troops on that service." Colonel Shelby in his narrative cited by the Tennessee historians, Haywood and Ramsey, and in his pamphlet of 1823, states that Major McDowell who was at King's Mountain was the brother of Colonel Charles McDowell, and no less than three survivors of McDowell's command, Captain David Vance, John Spelt, and James Thopson, make the same assertion, fully corroborated by Robert Henry and Benjamin Sharp, two other King's Mountain men.

The coincidence of Spelt and Sharp about Major McDowell freely permitting his soldiers to burn rails at camp at the Quaker Meadows, confirms this view of the matter, as does the anecdote of the treatment of the British officers at the Quaker Meadows by Mrs. McDowell, the mother of the major.

Henry Rutherford, son of General Rutherford, and General Thomas Love, of Buncombe, both well acquainted with General Joseph McDowell, declared that he was the brother of General Charles McDowell, and the Burke leader at King's Mountain.

A letter of the late N. W. Woodfin, whose lady was of the McDowell connection, makes the same statement, confirmed by Misses Mary and Myra A. Dickson, granddaughters of General Charles McDowell, and also by Hon. J. C. Harper, derived from Colonel Wm. Davenport, who knew all the McDowells.

The late Hon. Joseph McDowell, of Ohio (my honored father), and Harvey C. McDowell, Sr., late of Missouri, sons of General Joseph McDowell, never had a doubt on the subject. The venerable Mrs. Samuel V. Carson, who from her McDowell and Carson connection, has had good opportunities for learning the family traditions, declares that it was Joseph McDowell, of the Quaker Meadows, who led the Burke troops at King's Mountain.

The historians, Haywood, Ramsey, Lossing, Wheeler, Hunter, Moore, Lyman, C. Draper, F. M. Green, and Donahoes' Magazine, all take the same view. If, therefore, the statements of those who shared in the campaign and at Cowpens, and all our historians who refer to the subject, are to be credited, Joseph McDowell, of the Quaker Meadows, was unquestionably the major who led the Burke troops at King's Mountain.

It was doubtless in recognition of his revolutionary leadership that he was in after years made a general of the militia.

Facts are stubborn things and in connection with statements from Colonel McDowell's sons, personal friends and comrades, who shared in the campaign with him, are taken as competent testimony; there can be no further doubt on the subject that Colonel Joseph McDowell, of Quaker Meadows, my illustrious grandfather, was in command of the Burke troops at King's Mountain.

VIRGINIA McDOWELL STOCKTON,

Historian of Wah-Wil-A-Way Chapter, D. A. R.

CURRENT TOPICS.

TO CONTRIBUTORS!

WRITE on one side of paper only; use commercial note. Be careful to write proper names very distinctly. Short reports more desirable. All contributions will appear as soon as opportunity permits.

THE FIRST PAPER MONEY.

BILLS OF CREDIT.—The first bills of credit or paper money issued in the English-American colonies were put forth by Massachusetts in 1690 to pay the troops who went on an expedition against Quebec under Sir William Phipp. In 1691 they were made by the court legal tender in all payments.

In 1755 the Virginia Assembly voted \$100,000 toward the support of the colonial service. The Assembly authorized the issue of treasury notes, the first paper money in Virginia.

BOARD OF WAR.—On the 13th of June, 1776, Congress appointed John Adams, Roger Sherman, Benjamin Harrison, James Wilson and John Rutledge commissioners constituting a "Board of War and Ordinance." Richard Peters was appointed secretary. This was the beginning of the War Department.

MONEY OF THE WORLD.—Gibbons said the value of money has been settled by general consent to express our wants and our property, as letters were invented to express our ideas. The industrial habits, the taste and social conditions of a people may make a commodity money which among another race would be an impassable money.

For instance, wampum was the money of the early patriots. Tobacco of the early Virginians and Marylanders. Rock salt long served the Abyssinians as money. Cocoa the Aboriginal Mexicans. Tea compressed into small cakes the Russians. Furs, the people of the northern countries. Cattle and sheep alike by the Greeks, and the Romans, who conquered the

Greeks, and by the Teutons who conquered the Romans, and because it was easier to carry around the picture of a cow than the cow itself might have been the leading string to all paper money.

Wampum had depreciated in value as currency in consequence of over-production, and a death-blow was given to it as a circulating medium in New England by an order from the authorities of Massachusetts not to receive it in payment for taxes.

As soon as a coin came to the Colony of Massachusetts by trade with the West Indies it was sent to England to pay for goods purchased there. To stop this drain of specie Massachusetts set up a mint and coined silver threepences, sixpences, and shillings, each bearing the figure of a pine tree on one side and the words "New England" on the other.

The silver was alloyed a quarter below the English standard, with the expectation that a debased coin would be kept at home.

These coins bore the date of 1652 or 1662. Some coin had been made in Bermuda for Virginia in 1644.

In 1722-23 William Wood obtained a royal patent for coining small money for the English plantations in America. It was made of pinchbeck, an alloy of copper and tin. This base coin was strenuously opposed in the Colonies.

A writer of the time speaking of the speculation said, Wood had "the conscience to make thirteen shillings out of a pound of brass."

In 1784 Congress adopted a report from a committee of which Jefferson was chairman, recommending to strike four coins upon the basis of the Spanish mill dollar as follows: A gold piece of the value of ten dollars, a dollar in silver, a tenth of a dollar in silver and a hundredth of a dollar in copper. This was the origin of our copper cent, silver dime, dollar, and golden eagle.

THE papers proving the lineage of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe are in the hands of Mrs. Seymour, Registrar General. Also those of Mrs. Sara T. Robinson, widow of the first Governor of Kansas. They will be in the fold of the Society at the October meeting.

THE Chapter at Wilmington has taken the name of "The George Clinton Chapter." An interesting sketch of George Clinton by the Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Nichols, will soon appear in the Magazine.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Memorial Hall Fund are being received every month. Since our last issue the Bristol Chapter, of Bristol, Rhode Island, has forwarded to the Treasurer General one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150), the proceeds of a concert and colonial tea given by the Chapter; the conference of Daughters of the American Revolution at Estill Springs, Kentucky, held two progressive euchre and ten pin parties, and forwarded the proceeds, sixteen dollars (\$16), through their State Regent, Mrs. Pope; and four more members of the Warren and Prescott Chapter, Mrs. David Hall Rice, Mrs. Joseph L. Bigelow, Mrs. William Appleton, and Mrs. Henry T. Dobson, have sent contributions, the first three ten dollars each and the last-named five dollars. Let us hope that this month, which witnesses the return home of many of the Daughters, will also witness an increased interest in all the objects for which the Society was founded.

THE General Frelinghuysen Chapter joined in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of Washington's Farewell Address to the people of the United States:

You are cordially invited to participate in the centennial celebration of the anniversary of Washington's Farewell Address to the people of the United States, to be held under the auspices of the Revolutionary Memorial Society of New Jersey, at their headquarters on the grounds surrounding the Wallace House, Somerville, New Jersey, on Saturday, September 19, 1896.

It was in this house that Washington resided during the winter of 1778 and spring of 1779, while his army was encamped at Middlebrook.

Addresses will be delivered on the grounds and a luncheon provided, the exercises beginning at twelve o'clock. If you desire to be present, kindly sign and return the enclosed card by September 11.

LOUISE ANDERSON,
JAMES J. BERGEN,
J. B. CORNELL,
GEORGE LA MONTE,
ROBERT F. STOCKTON,

J. W. BALLANTINE,
A. L. C. HARDWICKE,
CAROLINE J. OTIS,
EMILY G. STEVENS,
JOHN WHITEHEAD,

E. E. BATCHELLER,
F. B. LEE,
P. C. VAN NUYS,

ERNEST E. COE,
MARY N. PUTNAM,
RICHARD F. STEVENS, *Chairman,*
Committee of Arrangements.

OUR LIBRARY.

AFTER fingering the pages of dry records of names and dates it is a pleasant relief to turn to the more intimate details of a by-gone time as they were lived by some true-hearted man or woman. When I search out and piece together the incidents of an ancestor's life, it seems as though he ceased to be a mere name and became to me a personal friend with definite characteristics and perhaps features. Only in such detailed study of an individual is it possible to form a vivid idea of the life of an epoch or its prevailing modes of thought. This fact is the *raison d'être* of a series of volumes now being published, which relate, most happily, to women of our colonial and revolutionary times. Their aim "is not only to present carefully studied portraits of the most distinguished women" of those times, "but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public, life of the people in successive periods of national development." As related by Mrs. Earle, the story of the life of Margaret,* wife of John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, brings that sweet Puritan very near to us, and shows us clear pictures of what her home life must have been, both in the Old and New Englands. She represents the ideal wife of her time and sphere, even as Dolly Madison† does of her more modern age and more public sphere. It is easier to make the acquaintance of the latter since she really talked to our mothers, though one can never forget that Mrs. Madison, the President's wife, was a *grande dame* of the days before formality went out of fashion.

* Margaret Winthrop, by Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1895. 12 mo. pp. XIII and 341. Price \$1.25.

† Dolly Madison, by Maud Wilder Goodwin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896. 12 mo. pp. XIV and 287. Price \$1.25.

Turning from the interesting women with the wish we might have more of them, I find "Three Men of Letters,"* "chapters in literary, biography and criticism," with George Berkeley, Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow as the subjects. The thorough learning and graceful style of Professor Tyler make this a book one is sure to read from cover to cover.

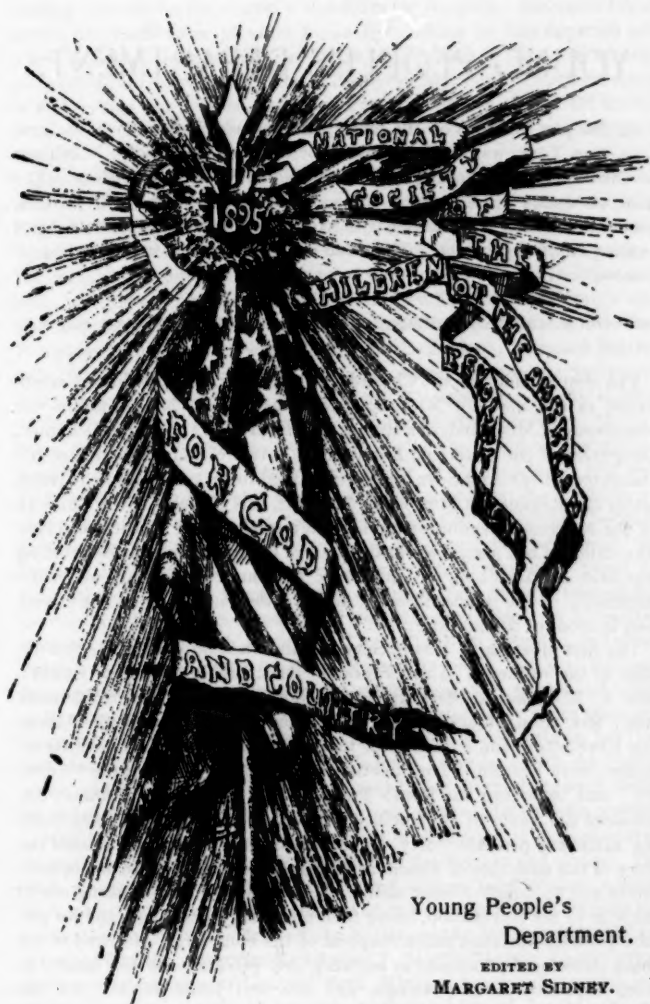
Mrs. Smith's brief biographies of Governors of Virginia,† from 1492 to 1892, show, if any fresh evidence be needed, what a host of great names are on the roll of honor of that noble State. Such a work of reference is useful wherever found.

To complete the list of biographies which are on our shelves I have only to mention Washington Irving's "Life of George Washington." This classic needs no more than mere mention to revive pleasant memories among book lovers.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE.

*Three Men of Letters, by Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1895. 12 mo. pp. V and 200.

†The Governors of Virginia, by Margaret Vowell Smith. W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, 1893.



MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

In the post of honor at the grand floral parade September 1, at Saratoga, New York, was the float of the "Bemis Heights Society," Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. George P. Lawton, President. The float was drawn by eight oxen, and was elegantly decorated with flowers, beside the garden of children it carried; little Daniel Lawton in front bearing aloft the colors. The float was number one in the long procession.

THADDEUS MALTBY CHAPTER, CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The first Society of the Children of the American Revolution established in the State of Minnesota was organized in March, under the presidency of Mrs. Frederick Emory Foster (member of St. Paul Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution). At the State meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held in St. Paul, March 19, 1896, under the Regency of Mrs. R. M. Newport, this Society of the Children of the American Revolution took an interesting part in the exercises. The children had assembled at the door of the hall in which the meeting was held, and knocking for admittance they marched forward under the leadership of the standard bearer, saluting the flag as he took his position in front of the platform.

The first meeting of this Society for organization was held April 11, 1896, at the residence of the President (Mrs. Frederick Emory Foster). Mrs. R. M. Newport, State Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. John Quincy Adams, State Promoter, Children of the American Revolution, and a number of the Daughters of the American Revolution, were present. The meeting was opened by all singing "America" and repeating the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Foster then formally announced the name of the Society to be "Thaddeus Maltby," and made the members present (thirty) an address of welcome. She related the story of the short life of Thaddeus Maltby, who was the third son of Benjamin and Elizabeth Fowler Maltby. He enlisted at the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, being then eighteen years of age, and for gallant conduct was soon made corporal of his company. He lived to see some victories, but unused to hardship and privation he fell fatally ill from exposure at Ticonderoga, and was sent home to die. Of his brothers, one was a student at Yale, another was in the army, and of the youngest none was large enough to undertake to bring home the dying soldier. A young cousin was, therefore, sent for him, and from the northern army to Northford, Connecticut, the long journey was per-

formed slowly and painfully, both boys riding the same horse, Thaddeus leaning forward on his cousin's shoulders for support. Exhausted and spent, he reached the pleasant home from which he had departed but a few months before strong and brave, dying shortly after his return, and leaving no descendant to tell of his heroic sacrifice. This brief story of a short life was learned, said Mrs. Foster, from a bundle of old family letters, and the facts since verified from printed records at the State Library.

The programme prepared for the meeting was of much interest and well carried out. The President introduced Mrs. R. M. Newport, State Regent Daughters of the American Revolution, who made a brief address and told the children of the boyhood of Washington. She asked the members to express their views of Washington as a boy, soldier, and man, and the replies evinced that the children had studied seriously and had acquired many facts relating to the Father of his Country. The President named the following officers for the Society: Standard Bearer, John Walker Adams, descendant of Simon Adams; Recording Secretary, Lucy Comstock, descendant of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Corresponding Secretary, Martha Neal, descendant of George Southwick, who was killed at Lexington; Registrar, Alfred Clark Foster, descendant of General Seth Murray; Treasurer, Charles Hensel. Mrs. Foster announced that she might name other officers as need arose for them. The first paper, by Gertrude Power (aged ten years), was remarkably good and very well read, the subject "Washington." Pauline Griggs read a very able paper on Lafayette, showing in her treatment of the subject thought beyond her years. Harriet D. Moore recited "Paul Revere's Ride" in a spirited manner, receiving much applause. Little Elizabeth Deming, aged seven years, a great-great-neice of Betsy Ross, who made the first national flag, appeared in the costume of "America"—a skirt of red and white satin stripes with tunic of blue satin bespangled with silver stars and trimmed with silver fringe, high-heeled slippers of red satin on her tiny feet, and a red liberty cap on her blonde head. She sang with great spirit and abandon the "Star Spangled Banner," her high, but sweet, childish voice, bringing tears to the eyes of some of the older persons present.

Mrs. Newport presented the President with a gavel of elm, mounted with silver and engraved with the name of the Society and donor. The State Regent also presented the Standard Bearer, John Walker Adams, with a souvenir spoon, as a memento of the occasion when he bore the national emblem at the head of the Society at the State meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution.* Martha Murray Foster, great-great-granddaughter of General Seth Murray, presented the Society with a beautiful banner of her own workmanship and design; the obverse side of blue satin bearing the name of the Society in silver letters,

* John Walker Adams is a beautiful boy of six and the proud possessor of a large, and handsome flag, which he purchased with money of his own, saved for the purpose

and the coat of arms of the Maltby family in colors, with its motto, "*Quod Severis Metis*" (as you sow, so shall ye reap); the reverse side of cream colored satin, bearing in colors the Insignia of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution, a golden eagle holding a Continental flag surrounded by a blue garter, inscribed "Children of the American Revolution" in gold letters. The banner was greeted with three cheers, with another three for the Thaddeus Maltby Society. In bringing the meeting to a close the President admonished the members to be always loyal to their Society, to work for it, endeavoring to increase its membership and its power for good. Each member should help, and all pull together, remembering that "united we stand, divided we fall." She urged them to continue the search for records of their ancestors who gave them this glorious country, a magnificent inheritance. She wanted them to be proud of their ancestry, "for," as it has been truly said, "those who take no pride in their ancestry will do nothing worthy of the remembrance of posterity." She desired them to remember, too, that their country's flag was the most beautiful of any in the world, a fact never so fully realized as when one has traveled or lived in foreign lands, as she had. In Europe the American flag is rarely seen by the traveler, but in the seaports of China and Japan is more frequently in evidence. In the port of Yokohama, Japan, the American flag was always raised to announce the arrival of the mail steamer from the United States, and when homeward bound she had often strained her eyes to catch the last gleam of the stars and stripes on the ships as they disappeared from view down the bay. From the verandah of her house in Hong Kong, China, she could look over the harbor, where were assembled ships and steamers of all nations. On the Queen's birthday, Hong Kong being an English colony, the men-of-war and the shipping were dressed with flags and bunting from stem to stern; but of all the national emblems there so bravely displayed the most beautiful and most inspiring was our own star spangled banner.

The members and guests then adjourned to the dining-room where refreshments were served, after which the guests examined and admired the rare and unique collection of curios and porcelain gathered together by Mrs. Foster during her extensive travels and long residence in China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands. The house is almost entirely furnished with articles from these foreign lands—antique chairs, tables and cabinets of deeply carved blackwood and teak from China and India; draperies and embroideries from Japan and Siam; cabinets full of old blue and white china; exquisite carvings in ivory, with rare and priceless pieces of *cloisonné*, lacquer, and Satsuma scattered over the tables—all assembled and brought into use to decorate this beautiful American home.

NOTE.—Corporal Thaddeus Maltby's brother, Jonathan Maltby, also served his country during the Revolutionary War as first lieutenant and captain. At his death he was in command of the *Argus*, a cutter in the service of the United States for protection of the revenue. His commis-

sion as lieutenant was signed by John Hancock, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, October 12, 1776, and his commission as captain by George Washington, March 21, 1791. General Isaac Maltby was the fifth son of Benjamin Maltby and Elizabeth Fowler Maltby, and was next to the youngest brother of Thaddeus. General Isaac Maltby served all through the War of 1812, and was a distinguished soldier and scholar. He graduated from Yale in 1786, at the age of nineteen. His commissions are in the possession of his granddaughter, the president of the Thaddeus Maltby Chapter, Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Frederick Emory Foster, the youngest child of the youngest child (Martha Church Maltby, wife of Harlow Swain Love, both deceased). Brigadier General Isaac Maltby was the author of three books on military science, viz: Elements of War, Military Tactics, and Court Martial. General Maltby married Lucinda Murray, the only child of General Seth Murray and Elizabeth White, his wife. General Murray also served his country from the beginning to the end of the American Revolution, and the roll of the company organized by him at Hatfield, of which he was captain, and his commission as lieutenant colonel are in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Martha Maltby Love Foster (Mrs. Frederick Emory Foster). General Murray's other commissions, including that of brigadier general, signed by John Hancock, are in the possession of other members of the family.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG.

At the meeting of the "Conrad Weiser" Society, Reading, Pennsylvania, held at "Graustein," the resident of the President, Mrs. Daniel Ermentrout, an interesting incident was the presentation of a silk flag to the Society by Mrs. Mary Phillipi, of good old patriotic stock, who told the story of this patriotic flag, which is a very precious one to her. Her husband was born on the 4th of July nearly three score and ten years ago, in the old hotel at the foot of the Hill road. To properly celebrate this event in the centennial year she gave a reception on the evening of July 4. A large life-size portrait of General Washington, draped with the American flag, was arranged on a table under the chandelier, facing the entire company on entering. Beside it stood her young daughter arrayed as the Goddess of Liberty, with a silken flag drawn sash-wise from shoulder to waist, to receive the guests for the mother.

Before the year was ended the little girl was dead, and the flag she wore, remained in the same folds and wrappings untouched until presented to the Conrad Weiser Society on Saturday. It was a comfort to the mother to feel that it was just as her little daughter had left it, and she could not easily have parted with it except for the Children of the American Revolution, who, she is glad to know, will guard it for her. She asked that it be known as the Carrie Phillipi flag.

She next told the children of the first firework exhibition given in Reading on July 4, just seventy years ago. For the purpose, her Grandfather Levering solicited subscriptions from prominent citizens, went to Philadelphia on horseback to make purchases, and brought with him an expert to attend to their display at night from the slope of Mt. Penn, overlooking the entire city. The old subscription list is still in her possession.

Mrs. Ermentrout, on behalf of the Society, received the flag in a sympathetic, touching manner, and in addition, the children gave Mrs. Philippi a vote of thanks.

Two interesting papers, describing interesting incidents connected with the 4th of July, 1776, and the signing of the Declaration of Independence were read by Misses Catharine H. Benade and Mary C. Snyder.

There was afterwards a display of the insignia and beautiful stationery permitted the use of the Society. The exercises were diversified by the singing of all the well-known national airs, and after partaking of some refreshments the meeting adjourned.

TACOMA, WASH., July 5, 1896.

Dear Mrs. Lothrop: On the Fourth of July the members of the Mary Lanpheer Society and their mothers, with several friends, were entertained by the President, Mrs. J. E. Noël. In honor of the day the house was decorated outside and in with American flags and roses—Tacoma roses, unexcelled.

A beautiful engraving of Washington was draped with bunting, as were also the photographs of two revolutionary heroines, one the famous "Mother Bailey"—Anna Warner Bailey, of Groton, Connecticut the other "Mary Lanpheer." It happened the usual monthly meeting came on the "Fourth."

After the business of the day, the salute to the flag, roll call, responded to by patriotic quotations and author's names given, there were interesting selections of revolutionary times read by Sterling Jordan, Mary Jordan, and Jacqueline Noël, a poem was recited by Mildred Todd. The meeting closed with all singing "America," in which the guests joined heartily, after which ice cream and cakes were served, decorated with tiny American flags for souvenirs, and the young people had a very social time together.

In the fall there are to be a number of new members join the Society. Interest grows as the people become acquainted with the aims and objects of the Children of the American Revolution Society. One very pleasant feature of the day was the greeting received from the Saratoga Chapter, to be present at the exercises held there. A vote of thanks will be sent them in full appreciation of the bond of sympathy between the East and the West, and our best wishes go back in return to Saratoga, and also to yourself for the coming vacation.

Yours very truly,

ELEANOR FRENEAU NEAU,

President Mary Lanpheer Society, C. A. R.

ON INDEPENDENCE DAY.

[To the Children of the American Revolution.]

Behold the children gathering
Around a banner brave and bright;
Their fresh young voices gladly sing,
A hymn of honor and delight.

Hats off, Americans, to these
 Who chant a true and noble song,
 That tells of well-won liberties
 For which our sires strove long with wrong.

To them who bring their tender youth,
 Their faith and courage to their cause,
 Let us give loyalty and truth,
 And sound our pride with deep applause.

Salute the flag! Shout loud and long!
 O men whose father fought for you,
 And cheer the children and the song
 Beneath the red and white and blue.

ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

SALUTE! JULY 4, 1896! THE CAPITAL SOCIETY, CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, TO THE SARATOGA CHAPTER, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, ON THIS DAY OF CELEBRATION, GREETING.—From the nation's capital to the glory of Saratoga, all hail! Three score and ten we stand, and it is allotted unto us to represent the noble struggle for independence from start to finish—from Bunker Hill to Yorktown; from Quebec to Moultrie; from the Bon Homme Richard to the capture of Vincennes; from first to last, in all its length and breadth, in all its glories and its vicissitudes! No State or battle escapes at least one representative within our circle. In profound patience the struggle began which could not be avoided; against desperate odds and amidst unmeasured trials with such gleams of glory as Saratoga gave, it was continued with unfaltering resolution "steadfast to the end;" and it rests with us to uphold the character of the nation our fathers founded in the face of all the peoples of the earth, appealing alike to the help of high heaven and the favorable judgment of mankind.

In the memories and hopes that bind us under the nation's motto, "E Pluribus Unum," we take step with you to march to the conquest of the twentieth century, as the spirit of the nineteenth has indubitably been ours; and as we march we join you and all true patriots in singing "America" under the dear folds of "Old Glory." Our stars in their new constellation are in the ascendant! In fraternal fellowship, and with patriotic ardor, we wish you god-speed!

LOUISE D. BRECKINRIDGE,
President Capital Society, C. A. R.

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE,
Secretary of Capital Society, C. A. R.

THE Iroquois Chapter, of Rochester, send cordial greetings to the Children of the American Revolution assembled in Saratoga.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 1, 1896.

CONGRATULATIONS, good wishes, and greetings from the Joseph Bulkley Society, Children of the American Revolution, of Louisville, Kentucky, to all members of Societies of the Children of the American Revolution assembled at Saratoga to-day. We regret exceedingly that none of our members are able to be present at this joyful and patriotic meeting. We are with you in spirit and sentiment.

"The union of lakes,
The union of lands,
The union of States
None can sever—
The union of hearts
And the union of hands
And the Flag of our Union forever."

May we ever be loving, loyal, and true to our God, our country, and our flag. Cordially and sincerely yours.

MRS. JOHN A. LARRABEE, *President.*

THE Asa Pollard Society, of Billerica, Massachusetts, sends most cordial greetings to the Children of the American Revolution assembled in Saratoga, July 6, 1896.

MARTHA A. DODGE, *President.*

TELEGRAMS.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 2, 1896,

Mrs. DANIEL LOTHROP, *Care Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee, 178 Union avenue, Saratoga, N. Y.:*

Greeting from "Old Glory" Society Children of the American Revolution. We regret not being represented in celebration.

MARGARET LONSDALE SCANNELL,
President "Old Glory" Society.

PROVIDENCE, July 2.

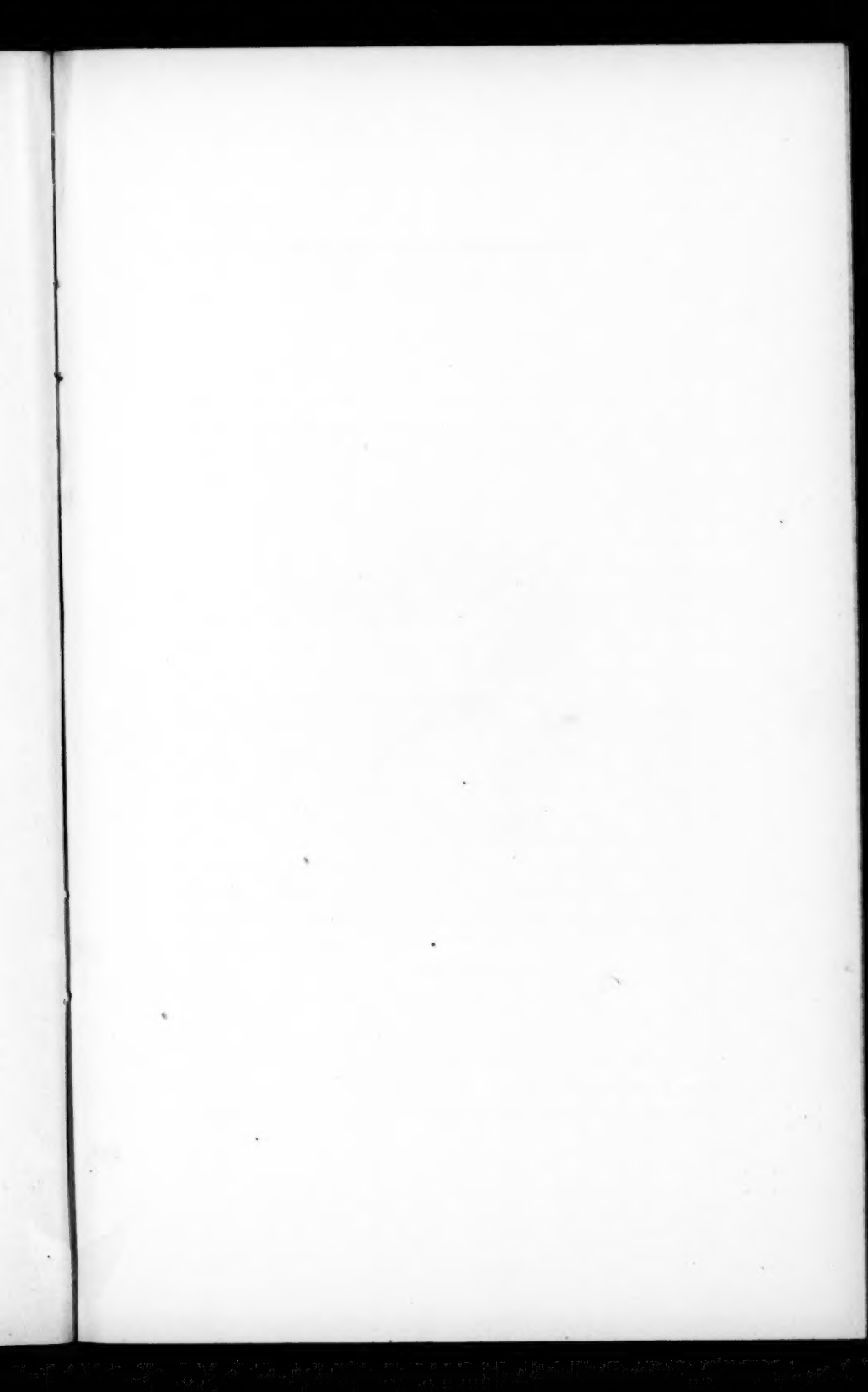
My Dear Mrs. Lothrop: I wish that the Joseph Bucklin Society, Children of the American Revolution, might take part in your grand patriotic celebration in Saratoga, but since that is impossible I send its greeting and fraternal remembrance to the other Societies there assembled.

Most sincerely yours,
AMELIA S. KNIGHT,
Vice-President General National Society, C. of A. R.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 3, 1896.

The "Mary Gibson" Society, of Indianapolis, Indiana, instituted last April, consisting of forty patriotic Children of the American Revolution (with numerous applications for membership pending), extend hearty greetings through their President.

FLORA WULSCHNER.





JULIA DUNCAN KIRBY.

IN MEMORIAM.

JULIA DUNCAN KIRBY.

IN the old Duncan homestead at Jacksonville, Illinois, at the sunset hour of a Sabbath evening, Julia Duncan Kirby entered into rest, July 5, 1896. In the prime of life and in the midst of patriotic plans for the future, she was stricken with a fatal disease. Many are the Societies which will miss her inspiring presence, but none more than the Rev. James Caldwell Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Jacksonville, Illinois, which she organized January 27, 1896, and of which she was Regent. The Chapter now consists of twenty-two members. Mrs. Kirby had worked earnestly for its welfare, throwing open her historic house for the celebration of all patriotic events. The last entertainment she ever gave was to the Chapter last June, on the anniversary of the adoption of the American flag. To her nephew who was draping porches and halls with flags, she said: "You cannot have too many—I love the Stars and Stripes." This patriotism and love of country were among her strongest characteristics. It was by her social tact and untiring energy that, with a delicate constitution, Mrs. Kirby accomplished more than is often done by the strongest women. She was the same winning and entertaining hostess to the most distinguished as well as to the humblest visitor. She had her due share of pride in ancestry but inherited her father's strong democratic ideas and also his keen sense of humor.

Mrs. Kirby was the youngest daughter of Governor Joseph Duncan, and was born in Jacksonville, on the 28th of May, 1837, in the home where she was afterwards married and in which she has just died. She was educated in the Jacksonville and Monticello Seminaries. On October 28, 1862, Miss Duncan was married to Edward P. Kirby, a young lawyer in Jacksonville, now well known throughout the State for distinguished

services on the bench and in the Legislature. There were no children from this union, but they had with them from her infancy one of Mr. Kirby's nieces, whom they educated as their daughter. During the five years Mrs. Kirby was confined to her house an invalid the flowers never withered in her room. She was fond of speaking of this fact. It proved the love that was felt for her by her friends. Her own sufferings had made her sympathetic with those of others. Countless are the sick who have blessed the small woman with her wavy hair and gray eyes as she came to their bedside with a word of cheer and her peculiarly sweet smile, leaving some little dainty behind she was gone with her quick step on another errand of charity. She always said she had no time for formal calls, one must be sick if they wished to see her. She took a deep interest in the Pessavant Hospital of Jacksonville, not only in the erection of its new building but in visiting the sick and the weary who found rest there. Illinois College, in Jacksonville, always had a loyal friend in Mrs. Kirby, as in her father before her. Her death will be greatly felt in the social life of the college. She loved young people and entered heartily into their pleasures. Many a student of Illinois College has gone out to his life work with higher ideals after knowing Mrs. Kirby.

In the simplicity and strength of her Christian faith we see the traits inherited from far away ancestors. She was descended from the Caldwells, a Huguenot family who fled from France at the time of the persecution, going to Scotland and thence to Ireland, where they became identified with the Scotch-Irish, who emigrated to Virginia and gave so much aid to the Revolution. The community at Cub Creek, Virginia, was known as the "Caldwell Settlement." They were staunch Presbyterians and founded many churches in what was then the back woods of Virginia. James, the son of John Caldwell, was sent to Princeton College, and was graduated in 1759. Three years later Mr. Caldwell was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. In 1763 he married Hannah Ogden, a daughter of John Ogden and of Hannah Sayre, of Newark, New Jersey. The Ogdens and Sayres founded Elizabethtown. Rev. James Caldwell was

chaplain in the New Jersey Brigade and also served afterwards as assistant commissary general in the Northern Department. In 1780 he was elected a member of the State Council. He paid all the expenses of a company of Light Horse, and for this and "extraordinary services" he was repaid by Congress in 1777. No one in New Jersey, save Governor Livingstone, was more feared and hated by the Tories and British than was Rev. James Caldwell. This may account for the dastardly shooting of Mrs. Caldwell by a British soldier in 1780, as she was surrounded by her nine children. The British dragged the body out and then set fire to the house. Shortly afterwards, at the battle of Springfield, when the soldiers' wadding gave out, "Parson" Caldwell galloped to the church and coming back with his arms full of Watts's Hymn Books, flung them down, crying, "Put Watts into them, boys; give them Watts." So strong was the feeling against him that he was killed by an American sentry at Elizabethtown Point in 1781. It was proved that the sentry had been bribed by the British, and he was tried and hung. The nine orphan children were adopted by the friends of the family. The Marquis de Lafayette took the eldest son to France and educated him in his own family. Returning to this country, John E. Caldwell became one of the founders of the American Bible Society and also of the *Christian Herald*.

Another son, Elias Boudinot Caldwell, was clerk of the United States Supreme Court for twenty-five years and was associated with Henry Clay in the founding of the Colonization Society in Liberia. All the nine children were noted for their piety and benevolence.

The second daughter, Hannah Caldwell, married James R. Smith, a New York merchant. Mr. Smith was of Scotch ancestry and had the national shrewdness in business. If his estate could have been kept entailed, as he willed it, it would have been of incalculable value to-day, as it consisted of numerous tracts of real estate in the heart of New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Smith had four children, the youngest daughter of whom, Elizabeth, was the mother of Mrs. Kirby. A few years after her husband's death Mrs. Smith married Dr. J. B. Rogers, an oculist in New York City. After her mother's

death in 1825, Elizabeth Smith made her home with her sister Anna, wife of Mathew St. Clair Clark, of Washington City, clerk of the House of Representatives. It was here, at a dinner at the White House, given by President John Quincy Adams, that Miss Smith was introduced by William Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland, to her future husband, Joseph Duncan, then a member of Congress from the new State of Illinois, whence he had gone from his birthplace at Paris, Kentucky. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who sat next to her at this dinner, commended her new acquaintance, saying, "Duncan is not only a good looking fellow, but what is better, is a good son, having taken care of his widowed mother, and educated his sister and two younger brothers." The Duncans were Scotch Covenanters who emigrated to Virginia where Major Joseph Duncan was born. He served with distinction in the Revolutionary War and afterwards moved to Paris, Kentucky. Here, in the old stone house still standing, his son Joseph was born in 1794. Though but a lad Joseph fought in the War of 1812, and for his bravery at the battle of Fort Stevenson was awarded a gold sword by Congress.

Joseph Duncan and Elizabeth Smith were married in 1828, starting for Illinois shortly afterwards. Of the hardships of travel by stage and canal boat, and life in the then primitive West, Mrs. Duncan in after years related many interesting experiences. General Duncan was in Congress for six years, being for a portion of the time the sole representative from Illinois. In 1834 he was elected Governor of Illinois, serving till 1838. He was the author of the first public school law of the State, and of many other laws that insured to Illinois her prosperity. Education was always a subject of great interest to him, and he was instrumental in the establishing of Illinois College at Jacksonville, making large gifts to it of money and lands. Governor Duncan was a man of commanding personality, and united keen political and business ability with the most genial social instincts. Daniel Webster and many of the Nation's most distinguished men have been entertained in the old home in Jacksonville. By his untimely death on the 15th of January, 1844, there were left a widowed mother, an invalid wife, and seven children to mourn his loss. Governor and

Mrs. Duncan had in all ten children, but two of whom are now living, Joseph Duncan and Mary Duncan Putnam, first State Regent for Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution.

With these influences and traditions surrounding her, it is but natural that Mrs. Kirby should have taken a deep interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was the Second Vice-President of the Colonial Dames of Illinois, and at the time of her death was organizing the United States Daughters of 1812, taking a special interest in it on account of the memory of her father. She was a woman of the most versatile gifts and had the ability to accomplish anything she attempted. A sculptor of no ordinary talents, a charming landscape painter, a great lover of music, and an accomplished and ready writer, there seemed few fields of human effort beyond her reach. Mrs. Kirby was much interested in the preservation of the early names and history of Illinois. She secured the portraits of the presidents of Illinois College and many valuable papers relative to the history of that institution. She collected and arranged her father's political papers, and in 1889 published a "Biographical sketch of Joseph Duncan."

She was also deeply interested in the progress of women. For years she had been a member of the Ladies' Educational Society (which her mother had assisted in establishing) to educate worthy girls left without support. From its beginning she had been identified with the Jacksonville Sorosis, one of the first branches of the New York Society, and in May, 1889, represented her society at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary in New York City. Mrs. Kirby was the Second Vice-President of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Illinois, and was one of the leaders in the Jacksonville Art Society. Her poor health and household cares were never allowed to prevent her writing her papers on historical, literary, and artistic subjects. But above all other ambitions was that of making a delightful home for her family, and welcoming the stranger and the friend to her fireside. Those who have partaken of her hospitality and seen her the brilliant and witty center of all social gatherings, know how well she succeeded. Thus in the full vigor of her

talents and true to the traditions of her family, died this worthy daughter of Illinois. The universal comment is true, "No one will be more missed in Jacksonville than Julia Duncan Kirby."

ELIZABETH DUNCAN PUTNAM.

DR. G. BROWN GOODE.

SORROWFULLY we announce to our readers the death of Dr. G. Brown Goode, the distinguished scientist, the true patriot, the good citizen. No truer friend and helper has the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution had from the day of its first inception to the present than this loyal "Son." To him are the Daughters indebted for the design of their beautiful Insignia and the little spinning wheel from which the drawing was made he had given to the Society, which is among their archives in the National Museum. As advisor and friend he generously bestowed his best thought.

The women of this Nation have lost a true helper. We do not forget the days and months that he gave willing service to them in the World's Exposition and to him are they indebted for the wonderful exhibits of woman's handiwork that came out of the National Museum, because earnest women had asked that they might take their places among the great object lessons at that exposition. And again at Atlanta his whole heart went into the work, and what might have been an arduous task became one of great interest and delight because he made himself coadjutor.

The Nation, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, patriots in general have been sorely bereft in the death of Dr. G. Brown Goode.

M. S. L.

MRS. ELIZABETH H. WOODRUFF,

WIDOW of Dr. Franklin Woodruff, died in Berlin, Connecticut, July 22, 1896. Mrs. Woodruff was a great-granddaughter of Major General Samuel Holden Parsons, of the Revolutionary Army. General Parsons enlisted from Lyme, Connecticut, in 1776, and served with notable distinction throughout the

entire war. To his brilliant military record is joined most able and substantial service as a legislator and civil officer, both before and after the war, placing him in the foremost rank of the distinguished Connecticut men of that period. He was a member of the convention which in January, 1788, adopted the National Constitution. At the age of fifty-two years his life was lost by drowning in the Great Beaver Creek when returning from a journey to the Western Reserve, where he had gone for the purpose of forming a treaty with the Indians. The military and civil service which he rendered his country entitle his descendants to membership in many of the patriotic and historical societies of the United States. Deeply interested in these organizations, Mrs. Woodruff became a Daughter of the American Revolution through Emma Hart Willard Chapter, of Berlin, in November, 1895. The week previous to her death she joined the National Mary Washington Memorial Association. The golden badge of this association to which this membership entitled her was received on the day of her funeral, and in accordance with her wishes was given into the keeping of her neice, Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg Chase.

Although prevented by failing health from attending upon the meetings of the Emma Hart Willard Chapter, it had frequent assurances of her full sympathy with its purposes and of her generous intentions toward it. Kind and considerate to all her friends, the unfortunate especially received from her substantial aid, given in that quiet, sympathetic way which spared the recipient all unpleasant feeling of humiliation. In acts of charity her left hand knew not what her right hand did. Mrs. Woodruff is survived by two sisters, Mrs. S. W. Kellogg, Regent of the Waterbury, Connecticut, Chapter, and Mrs. H. S. Cotter, of Ansonia, Connecticut.

The Emma Hart Willard Chapter has caused the following preamble and resolution to be entered upon its records :

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to call to her rest Mrs. Elizabeth H. Woodruff, a member of the Emma Hart Willard Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution ; therefore be it

Resolved, That as a Chapter and as individuals we express our sorrow at this sad event which has deprived us of one who was fully in sympathy with the purposes of the National Society, and cordially interested in the welfare of our local Chapter.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sisters of Mrs. Woodruff, published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE and entered upon our record.

ALICE NORTON, *Regent*.

LYDIA S. WOODWORTH, *Registrar*.

MRS. HARRY LYTLE.

Passed, on April 10, 1896, Hettie Mason Hooker Lytle. "None knew her but to love her. The community mourns the loss of a most beautiful woman. Her tender motherhood and wifehood, her engaging friendliness of disposition, her good judgment, her activity in literary and social circles, and her great personal beauty have left a void that no other can fill.

"Blessing she was ; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor did she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless."

MISS GRACE POTTER JOHNSON.

SINCE the organization of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, New London, Connecticut, its membership has been untouched by death until now. One of the charter members, the youngest, Grace Potter Johnson, has just been laid to rest. Miss Johnson was for two years Corresponding Secretary of the Chapter, and in this relation won the esteem of her associates for her genial courtesy as well as for her faithful work. The last public function in which Miss Johnson joined was on September 6, 1894, when the Lucretia Shaw Chapter was invited to unite with the Fanny Ledyard Chapter of Mystic, Connecticut, in commemorating the battle of Fort Griswold at Groton Heights. This anniversary, so justly dear to the descendants of the Groton heroes, was fitly honored by our dear sister. She was thrilled by the thought that one of her ancestors had been one of the martyrs of the Groton massacre. Standing by the grave of Colonel Ledyard her deep eyes glowed, her whole face brightened, as she repeated to the writer Ledyard's farewell words to his friends. None could doubt her enthusiasm who had ever

heard her recite some patriotic poem or heard her read her admirable paper on "Our Flag—Old Glory," which was published in this Magazine.

Soon after our meeting on September 6, Miss Johnson's health began to fail. The deceitful nature of her dread disease, consumption, showed favorable symptoms from time to time and she rallied so that she was able to be with us occasionally at our monthly meetings. But she gradually sank and on July — passed away. Miss Johnson was born in New London and her life has been spent here and in the neighboring village of Noank. She was the only child and had not quite completed her third decade. There is little of moment to chronicle in her happy life. She was a sunny-natured care-free girl in touch with nature, delighting in the picturesque scenery of her birthplace. But more than all she was filled with a love for her kind. Her life was one glad unselfish doing for others. To lighten the load of human misery, to give some sad heart relief, to speak words of cheer to some struggling soul was her daily delight. Who shall say such a beautiful life was wasted. Rather rounded and perfected in his glory, who has taken her unto himself.

Loving friends bore the body of our departed sister to the quiet burial place, nestled among the rocky hills of Noank. Tender hands had completely lined the grave with carnations, white and pink, favorite flowers of the dear sleeper.

There lies the mortal part of Grace Potter Johnson,
Of none could it be more truly said,
"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

MARIAN READ HEMPSTEAD STAYNER,
Historian.

MISS H. JOSEPHINE EDDY.

In the death of Miss H. Josephine Eddy, July 13, the Quequechan Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Fall River, Massachusetts, has lost a valued and beloved member.

Miss Eddy came from excellent parentage, and exhibited in her earnest, self-reliant life the traits of character we love to recall as belonging to our early New England families.

This is the first death in the Chapter. A noble, unselfish, Christian sister has passed on. We shall miss her and honor her memory.

EMILY J. TUFTS COBURN,
Secretary.

[REDACTED]

